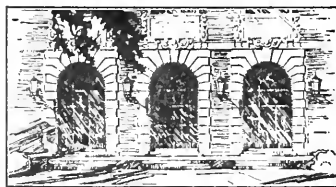


IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

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IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA



THE AUTHOR.

IMPRESSIONS
OF
AMERICA

BY
GEO. THOMSON
JOURNALIST
ARBROATH

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PREFACE.

THE publication in this form of my "Impressions of America" has been undertaken at the request of many friends who have honoured me by reading the articles which have already appeared in print dealing with my visit to the United States. Time did not permit me to overtake more than a small portion even of the fringe of America—my tour having extended only little over a month—and the range of my observations was therefore very limited, but if, notwithstanding this drawback, I have been able to invest the following chapters with any public interest my efforts will not have been in vain. Considerable additions have been made to the original articles, and while I have found it desirable to make some excisions an entirely fresh feature has been introduced in the description of my homeward journey from Chicago by lake and river through Canadian territory to Quebec and thence by ocean liner to England.

I must introduce a word of apology. It is certainly not the size of this book which has delayed its publication. It was to have been issued about the end of last year, but that intention has been defeated by circumstances arising out of the Great War which need not be specified. The War is not yet ended, but there are substantial grounds for believing

that Great Britain and her allies have now got the upper hand in this terrible conflict, unequalled in the history of the world, and that hostilities will before long come to a close. It is perhaps well that America, the great country which has formed the subject of these notes, has not hitherto been drawn into the War, although the Washington Cabinet has been sorely troubled by German disregard of international law.

G. T.

ARBROATH, June 20, 1916.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

CHAPTER I.

TO AMERICA WITH THE AQUITANIA.

A TRIP to America is not altogether so simple a matter as to the uninitiated it might seem to be. Apart from your equipment for the voyage, deciding what you shall take and what you shall not take, and the many arrangements which have to be made if you are engaged in business before you can shake yourself clear, a series of extraordinary printed questions is presented to you, and these have to be satisfactorily answered previous to your passage money being accepted. Here are some examples. You are requested to state your sex ; whether single, married, widowed, or divorced ; by whom your passage was paid ; name and address of nearest relative in country whence you came ; whether you are in possession of fifty dollars, and, if less, how much ; whether you were ever before in the United States ; whether you are going to join a relative or friend, and, if so, what relative or friend, and his name and address ; whether you were ever in prison, almshouse, or institution for the care and treatment of the insane, or supported by charity ; whether a polygamist or an anarchist ; whether coming to labour in the United States ; condition of health, mental and physical ; whether deformed or crippled ; height ; complexion ; colour of hair ; colour of eyes ; marks of identification ; place of birth.

I need not describe my journey by rail from Arbroath to Liverpool, which was quite uneventful, but on my arrival there I learned that the insurance companies would not insure the *Aquitania* on her maiden voyage, and as this was the boat with which I was to sail to New York on Saturday, 30th May 1914, I lost no time in securing an insurance policy in case of accident. The *Aquitania* was moored in the Mersey, about a mile distant from the Prince's landing stage, to which she proceeded shortly before noon. From that hour intending passengers continuously boarded her until the time of departure, about half-past two in the afternoon, when the syren was sounded, and the mighty ship was loosened from her moorings in the presence of a vast assemblage of spectators, who lined the quays a long way down the river. Immediately the engines were started the huge vessel began to move, slowly but with ever-increasing momentum, and once clear of the quay she soon left the dense crowd of onlookers behind amid hearty cheering and the shrill screaming of whistles by smaller craft in the vicinity as a friendly send-off, in addition to the hoarse, tremendous roar of her own syren, equal to the combined noise of a hundred factory "bummers." Numerous sailing ships and steamers were passed on our way down the Mersey. The *Aquitania* left everything behind. Long before she had cleared the Channel it was felt that this new leviathan of the deep, though not intended to make any record in speed, according to official announcements, was likely to rival, if not eclipse, the other two giant boats of the Cunard Line, namely, the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania*. Our pilot was transferred to a small rowing boat when we had reached the Bar Lightship, about fifteen miles from Liverpool, and was afterwards taken on board the steam pilot vessel which is employed for the purpose of conveying the pilots back to the city. The *Aquitania* hugged the Welsh coast for many miles down the Channel, but darkness had descended before we could descry the outline of "dear ould Ireland." Luncheon

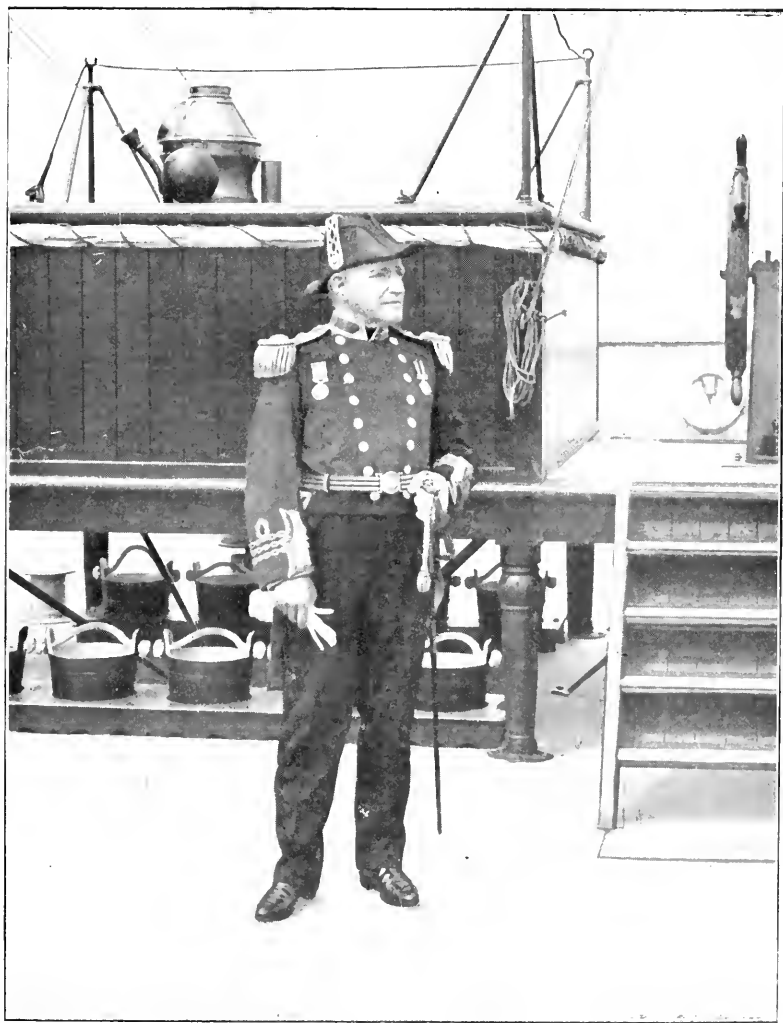
was served at four o'clock in the afternoon and dinner at seven. These are not the usual hours, the delay being due to the time of the Aquitania's departure. The weather in the evening was very fine, and everybody on board seemed to be enjoying themselves, either in the lounge, drawing room, or smoking room, or in patrolling the ample decks of the ship, of which there are street lengths on various levels. A walk from the bow of the ship to the stern and back means nearly half a mile, and the deck space is equal to that of no fewer than eight average football fields.

I was the sole occupant of my bedroom, which was a great convenience. I could retire in the evening or rise in the morning at any hour I pleased without disturbing anybody. I could leave my baggage unlocked in "fine disorder," and go and come at will. I had a wardrobe all to myself. Every room on board the ship was illuminated with the electric light. My first night in bed was one of perfect repose. With the exception of the slight vibration caused by the throb of the engines and the swish of the fan machinery for admitting fresh air, there was no disturbing element. The boat was so steady that I felt as comfortable as if I had been in bed at home instead of on the broad Atlantic. I thought of the old familiar song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but there was no rocking, and it seemed to me that with the passing of the old ship and the advent of the new the first line of the song would stand reconstruction. There were bathrooms in the same corridor as the sleeping berths, with hot and cold water, and these were in great demand. After the first day the regular hour for breakfast was eight o'clock; luncheon, half-past twelve; dinner, half-past six. Afternoon tea could be had, if desired, in the lounge or any other convenient room in the boat. Breakfast could be served in your bedroom if you so desired. There was a large staff of stewards, and the service was perfect. Passengers booked for a seat at any of the dining tables, and

took the same seat at every meal. I was at a table seated for four, but it was only occupied by three—two ladies and myself. Printed menu cards were placed upon the table each day, and the *cuisine* was as varied as it was ample.

The ship was in command of Captain W. T. Turner, to whom I was introduced on the bridge by Mr Gerrard, an esteemed official of the Cunard Company. Everybody knows what has befallen the gallant Captain since then. On the outbreak of the terrible war in which nearly all the great nations of the world are now engaged, the *Aquitania* was commandeered by the British Government for the transport of troops to France, and Captain Turner was appointed to the temporary command of the *Lusitania*, which was afterwards torpedoed by a German submarine, resulting in the loss of about 1500 of the passengers and crew. He stood on the bridge until the ship went down from under him, and was picked up from the wreckage and brought aboard a trawler. Captain Turner, who was in command of the *Mauretania* before taking charge of the *Aquitania*, is a genial sailor, and has had a romantic career. He is known as a most reliable navigator, and has always been extremely popular both with his crew and passengers. Through his kindness I have been able to reproduce the interesting photograph which appears in connection with this chapter. In a letter I have received from Captain Turner he says—"I remember your being introduced to me by Mr Gerrard, and at that time one did not foresee what was going to happen in the future. I sincerely hope this terrible war will soon be over, and I should like to add that if I had that thing they call the Kaiser in my power for a short time I know what would happen to him."

On Sunday forenoon an English Church service was held in the first cabin lounge. The service, which was largely attended, consisted of selections from the Book of Common Prayer for worship on board the vessels of the Cunard fleet,



CAPTAIN W. T. TURNER.

and was admirably conducted by the chief purser—a man of venerable appearance and well fitted to discharge the duty. The hymns sung were taken from the ancient and modern collection. “O Lord, save the King and the President of the United States” is a phrase used in the Cunard prayer book, which is otherwise adapted for the occasion, those who are “far off upon the sea” being specially remembered. The praise part of the service was led by a choir of nurses, stewardesses, and page boys, accompanied by an orchestra of skilled musicians. The lounge is about as large as an ordinary church, richly adorned, with canopied ceiling, supported by fluted white columns. A striking feature of this room is the reproduction of the famous Mortlake tapestry, representing the battle of Solebay. The general furnishings are of a sumptuous description. The remainder of the Sunday was spent in the decorous fashion the Seventh Day should be. It was a day of rest perhaps in a more real sense than is often experienced at home.

The orchestra discoursed music in the lounges of the first and second cabins daily. The total number of passengers on board was considerably over 1000. It was practically an American-English company, with a contingent of foreigners, principally Swedes. The latter were accommodated in the third cabin, and they had the use of the stern of the boat, where they amused themselves with the skipping rope, high leaping, press-gang, and dancing. In the first and second cabins various sports were organised, such as deck billiards, otherwise known as shuffleboard, and deck quoits. Whist drives were also held in the evenings, and prizes were awarded to the winners. Talking about foreigners, it is a curious fact that while the British people never regard an American as a foreigner the British are so described, officially at all events, in America. Passengers are presented with printed lists of the names of those in their respective cabins, which enable them to ascertain if any acquaintance happens to be on board.

The Aquitania took the southward course to New York, the total mileage of which is computed at 3181. This is the longest route, and is taken at certain seasons of the year in order to avoid icebergs and ice fields near the banks of Newfoundland.

The weather during the voyage, with the exception of a few hours of fog, was remarkably fine. The sun shone brilliantly almost every day, and no signs of sickness were observed on board. The Mauretania passed us on her way to Liverpool on Sunday afternoon. The Aquitania had been in wireless communication with her for many hours before she came in sight. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved as the great ships passed each other, and shortly afterwards the Mauretania had disappeared. My emotional nature was stirred at the moment by the thought that every hour was bringing me nearer to those whom I had for long years wished to clasp by the hand, and as I gazed across the waste of waters I could in imagination see the outstretched hand and picture the mutual greetings of kith and kin, face answering face.

The difference between American and English time had to be kept in mind. We put our watches back 35 minutes each day. The correct time was given by the various clocks on board the ship. By observing this, passengers saved the officials from answering unnecessary questions. On Thursday we descried a large passenger steamer heading for New York. She was twenty miles in front of us when we first noticed her, and in less than two hours she was overtaken by the Aquitania. The steamer proved to be the Adriatic, of the White Star Line, which had sailed from Liverpool on Thursday, 28th May, two days before the Aquitania. In the course of another two hours we had left the Adriatic nearly twenty miles behind.

The collection of paintings plays a prominent part in the adornment of some of the rooms of the Aquitania. Eight series, representing the works of famous old masters, are

hung in different suites of rooms, giving to each suite the name of the original painter of the pictures, namely, Romney, Holbein, Vandyke, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Raeburn, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. The larger suites consist of three bedrooms, sitting rooms, spacious hall, two bath and toilet rooms, and private verandah, forming an elegantly furnished flat, unsurpassed in luxury and completeness of appointments. Thus, in the midst of a population of 5000, the utmost quiet and privacy are obtainable. The traveller can dine or lunch at any hour of the day in the magnificent Louis XVI. Restaurant or the Jacobean Grill Room. The floor area of the Restaurant is 13,500 square feet.

The smoking rooms in the new ship are models of comfort and artistic beauty. That of the first cabin is an adaptation from Greenwich Hospital, in the time of Charles II. Carved trophies and coats of arms are to be found on all sides. Much of the carving has been done out of solid oak. In the centre of the room are two large decorative painted panels, in richly carved old gold frames, representing the "Embarkation of St Ursula" and a "Seaport with figures." The lower portions of the room have a fine oak beamed ceiling, and the window treatment is suggestive of the Admiral's Walk on an old battleship. The electric light fittings are copied from an old Dutch ship lantern. It is quite a palatial room. There is none better in the ship. The second cabin smoking room was also a popular resort. The decoration here is imitative of one of the apartments in Kensington Palace, and the panelled oak walls and beautifully carved fireplace give the room a dignified and restful appearance. Comfortable arm-chairs and spacious settees have been introduced, the floor is covered with black and grey rubber tiling, and a series of carved columns and pilasters support the ceiling, which is a reproduction of the old Georgian style. The dining rooms are larger than those in most of our great hotels, and equal in comfort and elegance. Their breadth,

for example, would cover the length of the Arbroath Public Hall, and they are nearly twice as long. The combined drawing-rooms and libraries are also lavishly treated. Besides a fully equipped gymnasium, there is an ample swimming bath. The exploration of the ship was of the deepest interest. It takes many hours merely to walk through the public departments of the vessel, not to speak of the legion of bedrooms, which provide accommodation for 5000 persons—4000 passengers and 1000 of a crew. The steerage quarters are also full of interest, and one is surprised at the amount of comfort found here and the quality of the meals served to the passengers. The gross tonnage of the *Aquitania* is 47,000. Her length is 900 feet; width, nearly 100 feet.

A small newspaper of sixteen pages, entitled "The Cunard Bulletin," was issued daily. One of the paragraphs it contained stated that New York now claimed to surpass London in the matter of population, and was therefore, according to an American authority, the largest city in the world. This authority estimated the population of metropolitan New York at 7,454,296; metropolitan London, 7,448,681; administrative New York, 5,518,752; administrative London, 4,517,170. He also pointed out that the foreign commerce of London during the year 1913 equalled £358,371,528, while that of New York was £358,738,024, and that London had 2184 miles of streets as compared with 3795 miles in administrative New York.

The first day's run—from half-past two on Saturday to twelve o'clock on Sunday—was officially posted as 475 miles. A dense fog was experienced on Sunday evening, and the boat slowed down for about five hours, but notwithstanding this the run for the day—that is, from twelve noon on Sunday to the same hour on Monday—was 576 miles. The mileage for the following day, Tuesday, when there was little or no fog, was 602; Wednesday, 527; Thursday, 602. The *Aquitania* completed the remaining distance, 399 miles, early on Friday morning.

The total weight of the Aquitania's turbines is nearly 1400 tons. The blades number over a million. The steam for the turbines is supplied from twenty-one boilers, each with eight furnaces. The four funnels of the steamer, which are of oval shape, are each 22 feet by 15 in diameter, and rise to a height of 164 feet from the keel. To get to the bottom of the engine room one has to descend ninety steps. The electrical power used in the ship would light a town of 200,000 inhabitants. The copper cables for the electric current weigh 180 tons, and are 400 miles in length. There are on board about 10,000 electric lamps and 1100 bell pushes, and there is also a complete system of telephonic communication throughout the ship. A submarine signalling apparatus is fitted on both bows of the vessel and connected with the bridge, where the officers are able to pick up warning signals from lightships and bell-buoys while still a long distance away.

One of the most difficult problems that faced the designers of the Aquitania was the keeping of the engine-room temperature down. The very high temperature found in large turbine-driven ships is due to the fact that not only is great heat radiated from the enormous amount of steam heated surface in confined space but the electric transformers and other contrivances down in these depths give off continuously a large amount of highly heated air, like a blast in spent electric energy, whereby a temperature of something like 150 degrees Fahrenheit has been kept up in the engine-rooms of such ships as the Lusitania and the Mauretania, notwithstanding all the latest mechanical ventilating arrangements adopted at the time of their construction. Beginning with the Lusitania some three years ago, the Cunard Company determined to try to rectify this evil by asking Mr James Keith, of the James Keith & Blackman Company, Limited, Arbroath and London, to devise a remedy, which was so successfully applied by him in the engine-rooms of that great vessel that he was appointed to plan out from the

start the even better ventilation of the engine-rooms of the later Aquitania. In collaboration with the builders, therefore, Mr Keith's patent system of ventilating deep engine-rooms on board ship was adopted wholly in the case of the Aquitania, with the result that the temperature has been reduced to a normal 75 degrees Fahrenheit or thereby, thus making the atmosphere some 120 feet down below about the healthiest conceivable on board such leviathans. To show what this ventilation means in the case of the Aquitania engine-rooms it has only to be stated that a constant change of air down below to the extent of over 25,000,000 cubic feet per hour is effected, while the air in circulation and emission is dealt with in addition to the extent of over 16,000,000 cubic feet per hour. To secure this enormous ventilation something like 400 horse-power is expended in the running of special electric motors and Keith fans alone. It is greatly to the credit of the James Keith & Blackman Company that they were employed to secure these phenomenal results. There are many Keith fans for other purposes installed on board the Aquitania, while all the later Cunard vessels have been fitted in the engine-rooms with the special Keith ventilating system described.

The James Keith & Blackman Company was founded in 1906 by the amalgamation of the business of Mr James Keith with that of the Blackman Ventilating Company, Limited. Mr Keith, who is the principal proprietor, is a native of Arbroath, and has been the Managing Director of the Company for the past fifteen years. He is an associate and member of various engineering Institutes. Mr Keith's grandfather founded a plumber and brass-finishing business in Arbroath in 1823, which was continued by his father, the late ex-Provost George Keith, and taken over in 1869 by his eldest son, Mr James Keith, who greatly extended the business and started what was known as the High Street Foundry. Mr Keith, who in his earlier years had a large experience in America, was on

his return to Arbroath his own inventor, draughtsman, moulder, patternmaker, and engineer. He carried on business as a specialist for thirty years in Arbroath, Edinburgh, and London. Since 1870 his name has been associated with over 300 patents and registrations in Great Britain and foreign countries. His Company have exploited what is known as the High Pressure Gas Light, the invention of his eldest son, Mr George Keith, by which the principal streets in London are now lit. There are in peace time, or when the country is not at war, about 1000 men in the employment of the Keith and Blackman Company, which is the largest ventilating fan concern in the United Kingdom. The works of the Company are located in London and Arbroath in nearly equal proportions. It may be noted that there never was a Mr Blackman in the Keith and Blackman business, the name Blackman being that of an American lawyer, who was instrumental in selling a patent to the Blackman Company some thirty years ago.

On my return to Arbroath I received from Mr Richard A. Ade, photographer, Philadelphia, who had been commissioned by the Cunard Company to take some pictures of the interior of the Aquitania on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York, an enlarged photograph of a corner of the dining-room and the table, with its occupants, at which I had sat during the voyage. It is an interesting souvenir of my trip, for which I cordially thank the photographer.

CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK AND THE WOOLWORTH TOWER.

As I have indicated in my introductory chapter, the Aquitania arrived off Sandy Hook, the outer entrance to New York Bay, early on Friday morning. In order to get a good view of the approaches to the harbour, I rose about four o'clock, and found three or four of the passengers already astir. With the aid of field glasses we soon descried the shores of Columbus's New World. Passing Coney Island, we entered the Narrows between Staten and Long Islands and sailed into New York harbour. In the dim distance we sighted the prominent Statue of Liberty, built on a rock at the farther end of the Bay, beyond which Jersey City, in the State of New Jersey, was soon disclosed to view, and later the North and East rivers, which encompass New York. The people of New York would be pleased to annex Jersey City, but there is a law in the United States prohibiting the absorption of any city or township by another in a different State, and Jersey City, though separated from its big neighbour by only a narrow river, will therefore never lose its identity unless a special Act is passed for its incorporation with New York. We anchored at the quarantine station, where each passenger was seen by the American health officers and granted free *pratique*. Subsequently, as we proceeded to the Cunard Company's pier, my attention was directed to a pile of buildings in New York the appearance of which somewhat resembled the ruins of the Arbroath

Abbey, but on approaching the city more closely I discovered that the central building was a huge sky-scraper—the noted Woolworth Tower, as I afterwards learned, whose height is 792 feet. The other buildings which from my long-distance point of view had conjured up the shadow of the Round O were smaller scrapers in close proximity to the Woolworth Tower.

Although we were at Sandy Hook at an early hour, it was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the landing stage. There was a large crowd on shore awaiting the arrival of the vessel. A nephew of mine, Mr Fred Jeffrey, who resides in Chicago, which was the objective of my visit to America, had promised to meet me at New York. He was only a little boy when he left Scotland, and is now a grown man of nearly six feet, but I had seen his photograph just before leaving Arbroath, and I at once recognised him among the crowd. He had anticipated no difficulty in discovering me, and the recognition was simultaneous. Various means are employed, I understand, by friends in revealing their identity in similar circumstances, as, for example, by wearing a rosette or some such article on the breast, according to previous arrangement. On leaving the ship I soon found my baggage in the spacious hall to which the property of the passengers is transferred. By an alphabetical arrangement the baggage of each passenger is placed in sections under the initial of the surname. These are large letters suspended between the floor and the ceiling, and nobody can fail to see them. I was requested by the examining officer to open my trunks, which were under the letter T, and after I had tumbled all the contents upside down in order to convince the officer that they contained no dutiable goods he signified his approval and I was free to remove the baggage, part of which, having no immediate use for it, I forthwith sent on direct, by arrangement with the railway officials, to Chicago, where I have a sister and brother, with their families, not to speak of many other

friends, some of whom are closely related to me both by blood and marriage ties. Before leaving the depôt I was met by two relatives belonging to Arbroath, who then lived in New York, Mr and Mrs William Milne, the former now deceased, in whose house I was hospitably entertained.

We afterwards made a brief run through the principal thoroughfares of the city by train and car, visiting Wall Street, Broadway, Tammany Hall, and the Central Park, opposite to which is the Vanderbilt residence. We also passed along some of the notable avenues of the metropolis, and crossed one of the bridges to Brooklyn, which is now part of New York. Brooklyn is in the State of New York, and its annexation to the larger city was therefore accomplished without the technical difficulty which prevails in the case of Jersey City. We subsequently ascended the Woolworth Tower, to which I have already referred, and were quickly transported above the clouds by the elevator. Without these elevators, which are quite a great institution in every city in the United States where there are sky-scrapers, there could be no sky-scrapers. In such a warm climate as that of America the people could never make a daily ascent of so many flights of stairs. It would be an almost impossible task in any climate. It is the increasing value of the ground and consequent additional taxation in large cities which renders the sky-scraper necessary. A remarkably fine and impressive view of New York is obtained from the summit of the Tower. Looking down on the thousands of great structures which present themselves to the eye in the heart of the city, the bridges that span the river, the beautiful parks, the extensive shipping docks, the far-reaching view up the Bay, and the innumerable lines of avenues and bisecting streets, one realises the grandeur and the vastness of the metropolis. The Woolworth Tower is only surpassed in height by the Eiffel Tower in Paris, which is given at 1200 feet, but the latter is not a building of the same character as the Wool-

worth structure. I have looked down from the summit of the Eiffel Tower and have watched with deep interest the movements of the attenuated people at its base—not discernible as human beings if one did not know that they could be nothing else. The effect on the top of the Woolworth Tower was similar, though less pronounced. Next to the Woolworth is the Metropolitan Tower, 700 feet, followed by the Singer building, 612 feet. It is stated by scientists that the Tower of Babel had reached a height of 680 feet when the mixing of tongues occurred among the builders and the job had to be given up. Our Steeple in Arbroath, which is about 130 feet in height, not including the vane, will serve to illustrate the difference between our tallest buildings and the Woolworth Tower, with its 792 feet, fully six times as high as the Steeple. The concrete and steel caissons upon which the Tower rests extend to bed-rock 115 feet below the surface. New York, which is built on the Manhattan island, is mostly founded on rock. A sense of safety is thus given to the erection of its great sky-scrapers. It is stated that the 80,000 electric bulbs which light the Woolworth building would illuminate the entire forty miles of water front around Manhattan island. The Tower consists of sixty storeys. The roof of the main building is 385 feet above the street level, and the building itself contains 27 acres of office space. It has over 3000 exterior windows, and is absolutely fire-proof. It is estimated to house from 7000 to 10,000 tenants. There are over 6,000,000 people residing within a radius of twenty miles of the Woolworth building, and the population in this area is presumably increasing at the rate of 300,000 a year.

In a souvenir, published by the owners, an interesting historical sketch is given of the site of the Woolworth building and the beginnings of New York. Before the city was founded the ground on which the Tower stands was directly or indirectly associated with important events.

Prior to the coming of the Dutch founders of New York it was merely part of a wilderness of meadow, swamp, and upland. The Dutch saw in the low-lying lands at the extreme south of Manhattan island an excellent opportunity for the upbuilding of the canal-cleft type of town to which they were accustomed, and it was there that the great metropolis of the present century came into existence, the founding of New York really dating from 1623. Ten years earlier three or four houses had been built on Manhattan by a Dutch explorer and trader. No description of these habitations is obtainable, but it is conjectured that they were mere wigwams, or possibly frame huts, covered with bark and reed-thatched in Indian fashion. Slowly the area of settlement extended, moving northward and westward to Broadway. A few years afterwards New Amsterdam, as it was called by its founders, came into the possession of England, the Dutch governor surrendering to a force sent by the Duke of York, and the name New Amsterdam was then changed to that of New York. Subsequently, when England and Holland were at war, a Dutch fleet appeared in the Bay and demanded the surrender of the city and province, ultimately enforcing the demand by marching down Broadway into Wall Street, where the English commander yielded possession. About a year later, however, New York was again added to England as part of the terms of peace with Holland, though Dutch manners and customs lingered in the city for many years afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

NIAGARA FALLS.

HAVING spent a busy day in New York, we entrained in the evening at the Central Railway Station for Buffalo, and found repose in a Pullman sleeping car. We arrived at Buffalo early next morning. Buffalo is an interesting city, with a population of about 400,000, of whom a very large number are Germans. I was sorry that our arrangements did not leave us time to perambulate some of its principal streets. Without delay we boarded the electric car for Niagara Falls, some twenty miles distant. Quite a large town has grown up here, and after getting "around a little," as the Yankees put it, we proceeded to the Falls. The weather was brilliant but hot, the thermometer registering over 90 degrees. In the presence of the cool waters of the Niagara, however, we did not feel inconvenienced by the heat. Our first view of the Falls was from Prospect Point, on the American side. No visitor can fail to be deeply impressed by the mighty volume of water which here rushes over the brink of the cataract into the abyss below. We saw the other sections of the American Falls from various points of view, and were similarly impressed. Visitors are recommended to take a trip on the "Maid of the Mist" in order to obtain a perfect view of the beauty of the Falls. We followed this advice, and descended by the elevator to the base of the Falls at Prospect Point, where we boarded the little steamer. Before proceeding on our brief voyage we were supplied with oilskin coats and hoods.

The latter covered the head and neck, leaving only an aperture for the face. We soon found that we had need of these equipments. On approaching the Falls we were enveloped by the spray, and without our waterproof garments we should have been drenched to the skin. The cruise does not last many minutes, but it is sufficiently long to satisfy the curiosity of any ordinary mortal. The "Maid of the Mist" afterwards visited the Horseshoe Fall, which is in Canadian territory. The boat went as near the base of the Fall as safety would permit. Here the scene was one of the wildest grandeur. The water at the bottom of the cataract was a tremendous seething mass, from which the foam rose in mountainous clouds. The Horseshoe Fall is rather less in height than the American Falls. The height of the latter is given at 167 feet, but the former has a contour line of over 3000 feet, whereas the line of the American Falls is little more than 1000 feet, while the quantity of water flowing over the Horseshoe Fall is estimated to be five times greater than that of the American Falls. Apropos of the volume of water, a Yankee who was accompanied to the Falls by a son of Erin is reported to have said—"Is it not wonderful to see all this water coming down?" With much naïveté, his Hibernian friend replied that he did not very well see how it could do anything else. The best view of the Horseshoe Fall is undoubtedly to be had from the Canadian side, and after leaving the steamer we crossed the steel arch bridge which spans the Niagara river and connects Canada with the United States. We obtained a magnificent view of the Horseshoe Fall by walking a short distance westward. The green colour of the water which bounds over the Fall is due to the immensity of the volume. The average recession of this Fall from 1842 to 1875 is given at 100 feet, and from 1875 to 1886 at more than 200 feet. The recession of the American Falls during these periods has been slight. The annual recession of the Horseshoe Fall averages between four and five feet at

its apex. The number of cubic feet of water passing over both Falls is estimated at 15,000,000 per minute. The average depth of the Niagara river between the Falls and the Rapids is 180 feet, which nearly corresponds with the height of the banks. The volume of the Falls, though enormous, is not inexhaustible, and since May 1910 the diversion of water for power purposes has been limited by treaty between Great Britain and the United States. An important question was under discussion at the time of my visit between the United States and the Canadian Government in connection with the deepening of the Welland canal and the consequent withdrawal of water from the Falls. The United States objected to water being taken from Lake Erie for this purpose, as the effect would be to diminish the water flowing over the Falls. But the Americans have themselves used a great deal of the same water for private purposes in connection with tunnelling and in running their electric power and light. Another proposed plan is to connect the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario by canal. This scheme, if accomplished, would also largely reduce the quantity of water flowing over the Falls. Canada maintains that it has a right to the water inasmuch as America is already drawing supplies for various purposes from the same source.

As the result of a movement in 1885 for the preservation of the scenery around the Niagara Falls a State reservation was established consisting of 412 acres, 300 of which are under water. The reservation includes some fifteen islands lying between the mainland and the Horseshoe Fall. The property is owned by the State of New York, and is under the control of five Commissioners appointed by the Governor. A Canadian reservation was made in 1888, embracing an area of 196 acres, besides a strip along the river from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The Canadian reservation is called the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park. This fine park is reached by crossing the steel arch bridge at the lower end of the

New York reservation. A splendid view is here obtained of both the American and Horseshoe Falls, which are separated from each other by Goat island.

What is called "The Cave of the Wind" is a feature of the Falls which no courageous visitor should miss. The Cave is situated between Goat and Luna islands, and is reached by a flight of steps between the American and the Horseshoe Falls. On the invitation of my nephew from Chicago I embarked upon this exciting and hazardous enterprise. We proceeded to a dressing station, where any valuables we had were deposited in a small safe and the key delivered to us until our return. Having then stripped to the skin, we were supplied with under garments of a woollen texture and sox to match. Shoes of similar material were tied round our feet, and over all we donned a suit of oilskins, surmounted by a hood. Thus equipped, we were conducted by a guide along a tortuous path down the face of the cliff and onward by a wooden bridge to the entrance of the Cave. The Cave is a natural opening behind the Central American Fall, and as we wended our perilous way we found that we had done well in divesting ourselves of every shred of clothing and taking advantage of the dress provided for us. Before we had reached the front of the Fall we were literally deluged with showers of water and foam. Keeping a firm grip of the wooden railing, we continued our way until we had crossed the outer edge of the Fall and reached the further side. At this point we were within a few yards of the cataract, and, previous to passing into the Cave behind it we joined hands with our guide—our company numbered five—and formed a human chain. The inner fringe of the Fall poured down upon us with almost overwhelming power, and the roar of the water was deafening. We looked into the abyss below and shuddered. It was a risky business, but the sublimity of the scene fully repaid us for our adventure. We had passed through 150 feet of driving mist and water—a mighty rainfall

against which one dare not stand alone. Emerging from the Fall, we looked back upon the path we had traversed—a portion of which was completely enveloped by water and foam—with a feeling of awe and a distinct sense of relief. Before passing from this matter, I ought to mention that the strong bridge which renders it possible for the tourist to get behind the Fall was erected in winter when the Niagara was frozen, and when only icy stalactites were hanging over the brink of the precipice. We afterwards saw the terrific waters of the Gorge from the electric car which conveys passengers down the side of the river as far as Lewiston, a distance of about seven miles, obtaining a splendid view of the celebrated Rapids.

Returning to Buffalo the same evening, we entrained for Chicago, again sleeping soundly in a Pullman car.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

We arrived in Chicago early on Sunday morning. My brother, Mr A. M. Thomson, who was accompanied by his wife and my sister, Mrs G. B. Jeffrey, awaited me at the Central Station. He served his apprenticeship as a moulder in the foundry of Messrs Munro Brothers, Dickfield Street, Arbroath, and emigrated to Chicago when he was about twenty years of age. He has had a prosperous career in the land of his adoption, having patented various inventions in connection with moulding which have proved remunerative. For a number of years he has held the responsible position of Foundry Superintendent in the extensive iron works of the H. W. Caldwell & Son Company, Chicago. He resides in Fernwood, a suburb of Chicago, and is identified with most of its institutions, being one of the Fernwood Park Commissioners and Treasurer of Fernwood Park Lodge, No. 971 A.F. and A.M., while holding other offices in the Parish. After the usual orthodox greetings, I was conducted to an automobile and driven along the fine boulevards and through the beautiful public parks which are the glory of the city of Chicago.

The boulevards practically encircle the metropolis and link up the parks and squares into a gigantic ring, covering an area of about 68 miles. This is a fair example of some of the big things in Chicago. In all my travels I have seen nothing like it. All the boulevards are asphalted, and better roads cannot be desired. On a Sunday thousands upon



A. M. THOMSON.

thousands of motor cars may be seen doing this wonderful drive. Skirting the boulevards all the way are many fine residences and public buildings, of which a charming kaleidoscopic view is obtained from the automobile. The parks, too, are both numerous and extensive. Some of them are named after eminent Americans, such as Lincoln, Jackson, Washington, Garfield, Grant, M'Kinley, and Humboldt. The largest and most celebrated of the Chicago pleasure grounds is the Lincoln Park, which, with its smaller accessories, covers 711 acres of land. In the northern part of the park there is a series of artificial hills, which command an excellent view of Lake Michigan, while below stretches the bathing beach, with a modern bath-house accommodating 12,000 bathers. Along the eastern part there is a lagoon, at least a mile in length, with mooring for all kinds of small craft. Many of the walks about the park are shaded by magnificent trees, and the beauty of the undulating grounds and well kept lawns is enhanced by a wealth of flowers and shrubbery. Near the centre of the park is the zoological collection, containing between 2000 and 3000 specimens of mammals, reptiles, and birds. This park has many other interesting features, including statues of Goethe, Lincoln, Grant, Shakespeare, Linné, Beethoven, Schiller, La Salle, Benjamin Franklin, Hans Christian Andersen, and Garibaldi. The Jackson Park is also noteworthy. It consists of 542 acres of ground, with nearly eight miles of drives, over 100 acres of artificial lakes, and ample outdoor gymnasiums, refectories, and bathing accommodation. This park was the site of the World's Fair, and some of the principal buildings of the Exposition have been preserved. There is a yacht harbour in the park for private pleasure boats, and in one of the lagoons are three small caravels, reproductions of the ships in which Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery to the New World. Baseball and football fields, as well as golf courses, are among the other equipments of the Jackson Park.

The public park system in Chicago is administered by Commissioners. There are the South Park, Lincoln Park, and West Park Commissions. The three systems comprise a total of 4338 acres of public pleasure grounds. A special Park Commission was created some years ago by the City Council to co-operate with the inhabitants in the outer belt of the city in providing smaller parks where these are desirable. Passing one day through one of the recreation grounds under the charge of the South Park Commission, I witnessed between 200 and 300 school-boys disporting themselves in an open-air swimming pond within a walled enclosure. There were three life savers in attendance—men in uniform, ready to leap into the water to assist any pupil in distress. A case of sickness or fainting occurred while I was present, and the lad was promptly taken out of the water. An equal number of school-girls have the same privilege at a different hour. The water is heated to a suitable temperature. There are also a gymnasium and concert hall within the grounds.

Chicago in size, commercial achievement, and population ranks with the greatest cities in the world. Its inhabitants number between two and three millions, and it is estimated that this figure is being increased by about 50,000 annually. Only about eighty years ago it hardly reached the status of a village, and there are those still living who can remember its cluster of scattered houses in the midst of a wilderness of prairie land. To-day its imposing array of giant granite structures, fronting the magnificent shore drive of Lake Michigan and extending over a mile in length, forms an unrivalled tribute to the greatness of Chicago. A vast industrial area lies behind this splendid down-town frontage, and away still further back are hosts of streets and residential quarters, ending in quiet country suburbs. The city itself is the principal market of the American continent. It is the greatest railway centre in the world. As has been said of Rome, all roads lead to Chicago. Its site at the head of the

great Lakes confers upon it natural advantages in commerce, both by water and rail. These are capable of great future development. The dimensions of the city are twenty-six miles by ten, and its total area is over 194 square miles. These extensive boundaries include between 4000 and 5000 miles of streets and alleys. In addition to its 264 elementary and 21 high schools, Chicago has hundreds of church and private schools and other institutions of learning. Its churches number over 1500, and it has also more than 1000 semi-religious organisations.

The surface and elevated railway lines of Chicago total 1350 miles, and it appears from statistics that nearly three million passengers ride daily upon these lines. The two longest streets in the city are Western Avenue (22 miles) and Halsted Street (21 miles). Many factors contribute to the commercial greatness of Chicago. I have already mentioned its waterway and railway facilities. Another important factor is its situation near the centre of the population of the United States. Thus, buyers from all parts of the country flock to the great wholesale houses of Chicago each season, while salesmen travel from coast to coast, and in this way its commerce has been enormously developed.

What is called The Loop is a section of the elevated railway which is entered by trains from all quarters of the city. The Loop makes a circuit of the heart of Chicago, and enables the trains to be switched on to the respective lines by which they traverse the city without the aid of a turn-table, thus saving much time and trouble. It is an ingenious device, and has proved an enormous convenience to the citizens. There are three tracks on the elevated railways—one in the centre for express or through trains, and one on each side for the local trains, which make frequent stops for the convenience of passengers alighting or coming on at the numerous street stations. By an order of the authorities the railway com-

panies have been compelled to raise all their street lines to high level. This has been found necessary for the safety of the inhabitants, as fatal accidents at street crossings were of frequent occurrence, and, although a vast expense has been incurred in the elevation of these lines, the undertaking will no doubt prove profitable in the long run. The *modus operandi* in the raising of the railways is by making embankments of clay or sand, waggon loads being drawn to the spot by engines and emptied *en bloc* on to the line. This great work was going on during my visit to Chicago, and huge strides were being made daily in the raising of the track. Temporary bridges were erected wherever the street crossings occurred, allowing the inhabitants to pass through below. These bridges will, of course, be converted into permanent structures after the elevation of the line is completed. Besides the ordinary railways, there are the electric car lines. Remembering the immense area of Chicago, it will easily be understood that citizens living in the suburbs have a long way to go in order to reach the heart of Chicago, or what is called the down-town section of the city. If one is not in a hurry an electric car may serve, but the journey in some cases will easily run into two hours. The business man will prefer the railway, because he will thereby reach his destination in about half the time taken by the electric car. The cost may be a little more, but that does not weigh much with the American, because he knows that time means money. One can ride twenty or even thirty miles on the electric car for not more than a nickel, twopence halfpenny in English money, if the trip is in an outward or onward direction. This is done by a system of transfers from one car to another. The nickel is paid on the first stage of the journey, and a transfer ticket is given for each change of car by the various conductors. On entering a fresh car you present your transfer and receive another from the conductor after telling him where you are going.

The route you are taking is described on the ticket, and if at any stage of the journey you double back instead of continuing on the outward course you have to make another payment. Passengers leaving the electric car and continuing their journey on the elevated railway have to pay an additional five cents. But I understand there is a proposal on foot whereby passengers will be able to do this without making the extra payment. In other words, they will have the privilege of travelling for the price of a nickel all over the metropolitan area by electric car or elevated railway.

It is easy for a stranger to miss his way in Chicago. As I have already stated, some of the streets are over twenty miles in length. These are crossed by other streets almost equally long. The house numbers in some cases run into five figures. If you have been spending the day down-town alone your return home, say twenty miles away, may be attended with more difficulty than you had anticipated unless you are well posted up in the geography of the city. For example, if you board a car and say to the conductor you want to go to Wallace Street, where the house numbers exceed 10,200, you may get there and find that you are many miles away from your destination, because you forgot to mention what section of the street you wanted to reach. It is interesting to note the gradual disappearance of the sky-scrapers and other lofty buildings as you leave the heart of the city by car or train. On your return home to the suburbs, the shops and houses begin to assume a normal appearance—not more than two or three storeys in height, and soon you pass considerable tracts of unoccupied land and emerge into rural retreats, all of which have been incorporated into the city of Chicago. Here and there you still find large industrial concerns, illustrative of the onward progress of the city.

A characteristic of the residential quarters of America is that none of the houses, or very few, are enclosed by walls or

railings as in this country, having simply lawns or plots of grass in front, which run close up to the paved footway. In the outskirts oil is put upon the surface of the roads to make them more cohesive. This is troublesome for a time, but eventually you have a smooth, pleasant surface, nicely adapted for the motor car and capable of sustaining all vehicular traffic. Lines of trees add to the picturesqueness of the suburban streets. Each house, constructed of wood, with stone foundations, stands alone, and the projecting staircase, also of wood, runs down to the footway. At the top of the staircase is the verandah, which often extends along the whole front of the house and in many cases round part of the gable. The verandah is comfortably equipped with chairs, settees, or swing hammocks, and is much used by the household in the warm days of summer. Here visitors are freely entertained, and conversation is whetted by the fragrant cigar and the cooling ice. There are front and inner doors in connection with almost every house. Inside these you have the open rooms, which are entered from the lobby. The rooms, as a rule, have no doors. You simply pass from one to the other through an open space, but in winter the apartments can be isolated by sliding wooden partitions. There is thus abundant breathing space in the American house in hot weather, while in winter greater comfort can be obtained by the use of the partitions. The houses are heated by hot water pipes, ascending from the basement — an underground floor, where, in addition to the heating apparatus, there is ample accommodation for the accessories of the laundry and for storage purposes. The bedrooms are in the upper flat, and it need hardly be said that these are all provided with doors. A fine wire netting outside each of the windows prevents the intrusion of the mosquito, and in some cases the open verandahs are also wire netted. Within these the houses are practically hermetically sealed against the mosquito, and here one can

rest and enjoy the fresh air without fear of the common foe. When I arrived in America in the early days of June the heat was intense. One day the thermometer registered 98 degrees in the shade. Fans were used everywhere, particularly in the churches. The men walked along the streets without their vests, and many dispensed with both coat and vest. Instead of braces the "toney" American wears a belt for his trousers. It seemed to me that the Yankee was rather proud of this arrangement, but it was whispered in my ear that many of them wore suspenders underneath the ample front of white linen. I was entertained to luncheon on one occasion in the magnificent premises of the Chicago Athletic Association by Mr E. A. Bateman, one of the members—as fine a specimen of the American citizen as one could wish to see. My brother was with me, and also Mr James Fyfe, a native of Arbroath, of whom I shall have something to say in another chapter. We were courteously shown over the buildings, and in the course of our explorations we came upon a bowling alley. The bowls weigh about sixteen lbs. each, and with these we had a try at the wooden pins at the farther end, fully forty yards away—with what success I need not mention. The Chicago Athletic Association is an institution for millionaires. To most men the entry money and annual subscription are simply prohibitive. Its gymnasium, swimming pond, private baths, reading and smoking rooms, and dining apartments are of the most luxurious description. The swimming pond is encased in costly marble. There are marble pillars and marble walls, and the artistic beauty of the lofty ceiling is something to be remembered. The water in the pond is heated to any temperature desired by the swimmer. The weather was very hot on the occasion of our visit. When the swimmers came out their bodies were steaming, and the atmosphere of the hall was so warm that some sat down to luncheon at an adjoining table in their bathing dress. The

Association exists for more than recreative purposes. It is a philanthropic institution, and its good deeds in this direction have succoured many an American citizen. Concerts are occasionally given within its spacious halls, and it may be taken that these are of no mean order. My only regret was that I did not have time to see more of this interesting organisation.

Perhaps I cannot do better than conclude this chapter by describing my visit to the Lane Technical High School—one of other similar institutions in Chicago. This School is located two miles north of the business centre of Chicago, and is conveniently reached by elevated and surface lines from all parts of the city. The building, which stands on the site of the old Franklin School, accommodates 1900 students in a session divided into four periods during the day and 2500 students in two periods during the evening. On the ground floor are the machine shop, printing, and pottery rooms, and the joinery, foundry, forge, pattern, wood-turning, and electrical construction shops, with lecture and testing rooms. There are, in addition, five recreation rooms, besides the power plant, consisting of the generator, boilers, and coal rooms. The second floor contains the Principal's main and private offices, the biological and physiographical laboratories, drawing-rooms, and thirteen class-rooms, besides the study room and assembly hall. On the third floor are located chemical and physical laboratories, dark rooms and balance-rooms, private laboratories and lecture rooms. This floor also accommodates the drawing department, containing mechanical, architectural, machine design, and free-hand rooms. All of the drawing rooms have access to a blue printing room on the roof. There are, in addition, six class-rooms for academic work, while the corridor gives direct access to the balcony of the assembly hall. A large lunch room for students and teachers is located on the fourth floor.

The fifth floor contains the gymnasium, running track, toilets, showers, and rooms for the instructors. Lockers for the students are placed in double tiers along the corridors of the first, second, and third floors. This description will give my readers a fair idea of the equipment for technical education provided in the American schools. There is a carefully chosen library within the institution, and, in addition, the city branch library at Lane Street puts about 450,000 volumes at the command of the students. Having been shown over the chief departments of the School, I was introduced by my brother to the head of the educational staff, Principal William J. Bogan, as one much interested in technical education. I was somewhat perturbed by the remark, and felt inclined to enter a modest disclaimer, but I allowed the soft impeachment to pass without any fuss. I had a cordial reception from the Principal—a man in the prime of life, of splendid physique, with leonine head, and fine vocal power. He asked us to lunch with him in the refectory. We entered an immense dining hall, and the Principal, bidding us follow his example, approached the culinary department, where he was supplied by the attendants first with a tray and afterwards with an elaborate assortment of savoury dishes and various drinks. My brother and I followed suit, each asking for what particular dish he preferred, and, armed for the fray, we proceeded with the Principal to a dining table and were soon in the midst of an animated discussion while enjoying his unstinted hospitality. Thither, we learned, all the students attending the institution resort at the luncheon hour, each procuring what he desires at a reasonable charge. The food is cooked on the premises. We were subsequently escorted by Principal Bogan into the auditorium, where 1800 young men were assembled. The Principal led us along the central passage, and when nearing the platform I whispered to my brother that matters were looking rather serious. I tried to find a seat among the students, but our host

asked us to follow him on to the platform, where we were accommodated with chairs. Principal Bogan, addressing the assemblage, said they were honoured that day with a visit from a Scotsman, who was interested in the work of the institution, and who was accompanied by his brother, who had been many years in Chicago. He said he was sure they were all delighted to see my brother and myself in their midst, and they were also pleased to know that I had derived much pleasure from my short sojourn in America. The Principal then submitted a report bearing on the work and progress of the school. He afterwards called on several of the students to come to the platform and give their opinion with reference to a recent baseball contest between representatives of the Lane School and a neighbouring institution in Chicago. This was an interesting part of the proceedings, and some of the opinions expressed were punctuated with the approval of the students. Before the assemblage separated I received the permission of the Principal to make a few remarks, in the course of which I expressed my sense of the honour which had been done me on the occasion, and the intense satisfaction I had had in witnessing the work of the institution. I also remarked that I had listened with pleasure to the interesting and satisfactory report which had been read by the Principal, and referred to my enjoyable trip to the United States on the new Cunarder, the *Aquitania*. I mentioned some of the advantages of that boat, and suggested that if any of the eighteen hundred students I was addressing thought of coming over to Scotland they should try the *Aquitania*. My brother afterwards remarked to me that he was glad I did not dwell too long on the *Aquitania*, because they had some ships of their own in America, and the students might have thought I was an advertising agent. Principal Bogan afterwards called upon the students to give a cheer for their visitor from Scotland, and the deafening yell which followed—I am sorry I forget

I am sorry I forget the precise expression—would have been a memorable event in the life of any ordinary mortal, and so it was in mine.

Since my return to Scotland I have received, through the kindness of Principal Bogan, a copy of the year book for 1914 of the Lane Technical School. It is a most interesting volume, containing many pictures of what goes on in the institution, besides photographs of the students and teachers. It is printed by the students and edited by the staff, and is a production which, both from a literary and ornamental point of view, it would be difficult to excel.

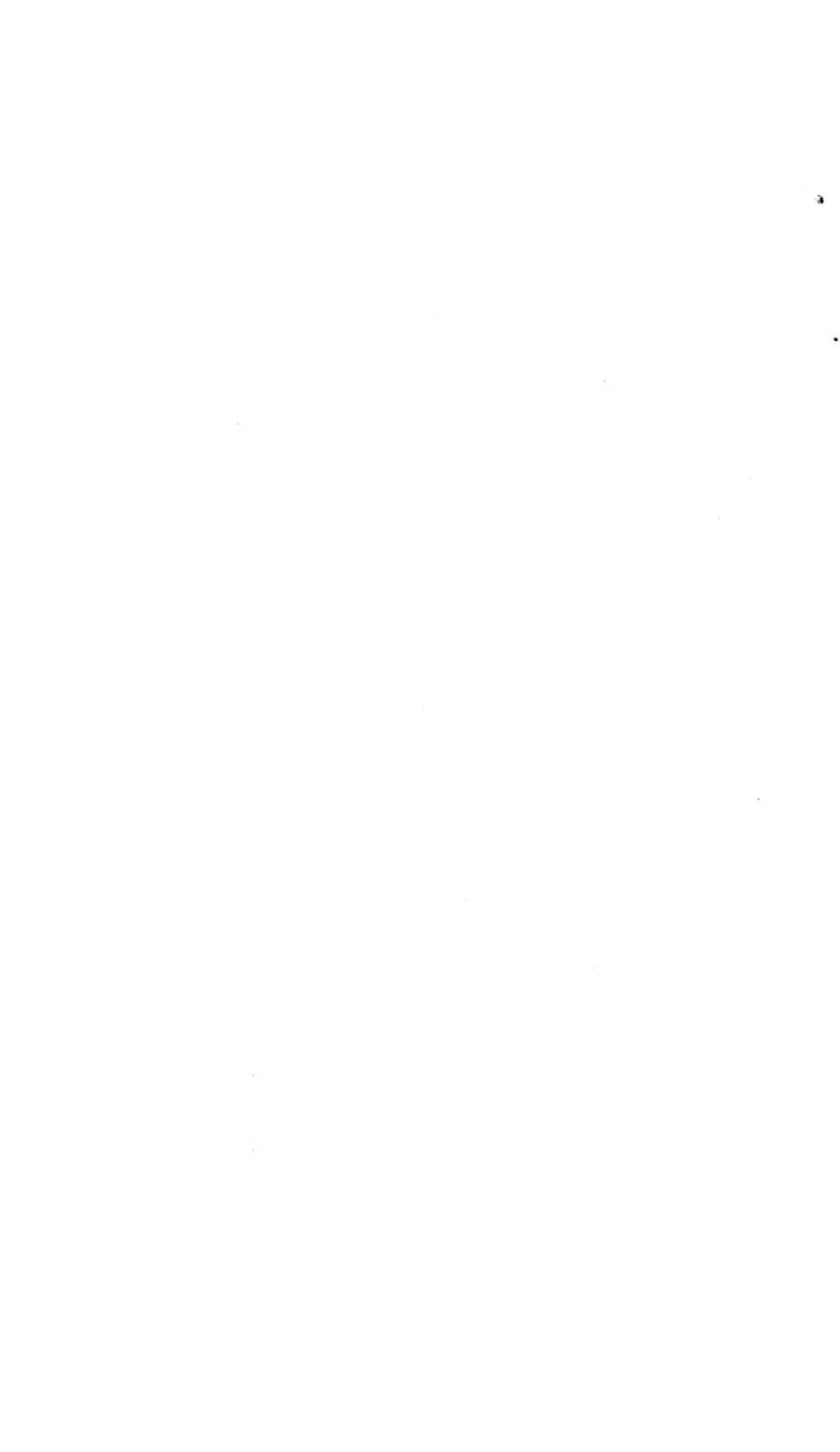
CHAPTER V.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF MADISON.

In continuing these notes of a visit to the United States I propose to deal with what came under my observation, not in chronological order, as I kept no diary, but rather by a process of selection, which may prove less tedious than would an elaborate series of daily jottings. I shall therefore devote the greater part of this chapter to an account of my visit to the City of Madison, in the State of Wisconsin, about 150 miles distant from Chicago. I visited Madison on the invitation of Mr James Fyfe, a native of Arbroath, and a cousin of the late Mr George Fyfe, confectioner, High Street, Arbroath—a man who was much esteemed in the community during a long and honourable life. His kinsman, Mr James Fyfe, left Arbroath for America when he was seventeen years of age, and has been fully sixty years in the United States. Almost an octogenarian, he looks much younger, and enjoys robust health, as was amply demonstrated on the occasion of our inspection of the bowling alley of the Chicago Athletic Association, when Mr Fyfe, with one herculean swoop of a 16 lb. ball, laid low the whole castle of pins forty yards away. Mr Fyfe has prospered well, and now lives in retirement in his beautiful home at Oak Park, one of the most attractive suburban districts of Chicago. Oak Park is practically part of the city, although it has hitherto escaped incorporation in the municipal boundary. I spent a few days in Oak Park with Mr Fyfe, and I can vouchsafe for the



JAMES FYFE.



heartiness of his hospitality, and the courtesy and cordiality of the members of his family.

Some fourteen years ago Mr Fyfe spent a holiday in his native town after an absence of forty-seven years. He brought me a letter of introduction from my brother, and I had the pleasure of showing him some of the peculiarities of Arbroath—the comical formation of many of its streets fifty or a hundred years ago, traces of which are still in evidence, notwithstanding the laudable efforts of our municipal dignitaries to make “the crooked straight and the rough places plain.” I also conducted Mr Fyfe through the best part of the town, though it might be somewhat difficult to say exactly where that is. We inspected the Abbey and its precincts. I told Mr Fyfe in my most impressive manner that the Declaration of Scottish Independence was signed here, and brought under his notice various interesting features in connection with the architectural plan of the Abbey, having previously refreshed my memory by a look into Hay’s “History of Arbroath.” I showed him the skull of William the Lion in the Chapter House, and rehearsed some fabrications which I had imbibed in my youth at the feet of that prince of Abbey keepers, the late Mr George Donald, a former schoolmaster of Druckendub, and one of the best of Arbroath’s minor poets. All poets give themselves a certain licence in what they have to say, and so did Mr Donald. I also conducted my friend to the isolated portion of the Abbey ruins which is known as the Pint Stoup, but I previously warned him that it was not a place for private refreshment. In brief, I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to show my companion all the “lions” of the Round O. In the words of the well-known local song, composed and sung by the late Mr Charles Myles, we did “the toon, the cliffs, and the common.”

I should like to mention here that the sad news of the death of Mr Myles reached me when I was in America. I

was absolutely stunned. I had suggested to him before leaving Arbroath whether he would not join me in my trip. Only business reasons prevented him from doing so. He wanted to see America, but he could not leave Arbroath so early in the season as I had proposed. He was apparently in robust health when I parted from him, and whilst other four notable citizens of Arbroath died during my short absence from Scotland, namely, ex-Provost Anderson, Mr Samuel Fairweather, Mr David Chapel, and Mr John Hunter, the death of Charles Myles was the last thing I should have expected to happen. I had been often associated with Mr Myles, musically and otherwise, and during all the years I knew him we never had an angry word. As a musical humorist, he was an artist, and in this respect no one did more than he to brighten our lives. We shall always feel the loss of such a man. My first recollection of Mr Myles was in one of his public appearances in the old hall of the Abbey Church. He was then a young lad. His song on that occasion was of a somewhat different type from that in which he subsequently excelled. The late Mr Patrick Sheridan, himself a humorous singer of no mean reputation, was standing beside me while we listened to this early effort of our deceased friend. We were both pleased with the song, but Mr Sheridan remarked to me that he did not think he would set the Brothock on fire. I have been so much in contact myself with musicians of all ranks in Arbroath that probably few have had better opportunities of noticing the jealousies which existed among our local singers, and there may have been just a little tinge of that commodity in the remark of Mr Sheridan; but I have no doubt that in after years he must have considerably modified his opinion, because Mr Myles certainly developed into one of the most popular humorists that Arbroath has ever produced.

On the occasion of Mr Fyfe's visit to Arbroath, a number of friends, representing at that time the best musical and

elocutionary talent in the community, met him in one of the apartments of the White Hart Hotel, when a memorable night was spent in Scottish song, humorous story, and felicitous recitation. Four members of that company, possibly more, are, alas, not with us now, namely—Robert Gleig, Charles Myles, James Willocks, and David Calder, from London. I am sorry that I cannot recall the names of all who were present. Mr Fyfe, shrewd, keenly observant, and abundantly appreciative of the interest of the hour, himself contributed an appropriate song, and in an interesting speech he expressed the intense pleasure it had given him to listen to what he regarded as a splendid illustration of the social side of Scottish life. He had longed just for the experience he had had that evening, and he felt deeply indebted to the friends who had honoured him with their presence.

After this perhaps pardonable digression, let me say a word about the station of the Chicago and North-Western Railway Company, where we entrained for Madison. This great terminal, which is located in Madison Street, one of the busiest thoroughfares in Chicago, is probably unequalled anywhere for the beauty and amplitude of its architecture. It was built at a cost of 20,000,000 dollars, including real estate value. Its substantial walls are of grey granite, brought from the State of Maine, and the style of architecture is the early Italian renaissance. The portico at the main entrance is supported on a colonnade of six massive granite columns, behind which is a lofty vaulted vestibule, with granite stairways leading to the main waiting-room, whose architecture resembles the style of a Roman atrium, with a magnificent vaulted roof. The walls and pilasters are of Tennessee marble. A remarkable feature of the ceiling is that it is self-supporting in all its length and breadth. Here there is abundant and luxurious accommodation for all excursionists while waiting for the train. The trainmaster,

perched on a balcony, announces, with stentorian voice, in slow, measured tones the hours of departure of the numerous trains. I was assured that these intimations are perfectly intelligible to those who know the language. For myself, I must confess that I had some difficulty in catching up the ordinary patois, though it was always quite easy to follow a public speaker. The spacious dining-room which adjoins the waiting-room is in keeping with the general architecture of the station. The train service, including sleeping cars, observation cars, and every conceivable luxury, is unsurpassed in the United States. The transcontinental journey from Chicago to San Francisco by the North-Western Railway can therefore be accomplished with the maximum of comfort. Both engines and cars are larger than those we have in this country. The passage in the centre of the car enables the traveller to walk from one end of the train to the other. The lofty and handsome ceiling admits of the introduction of plenty of fresh air. One car in each train is wholly devoted to smokers, who can alternately occupy a smoking or a non-smoking car, just as they feel inclined. The journey to Madison occupied five or six hours. The chairs on either side of the car each accommodate two persons, and the backs can be sloped at any angle to suit the comfort of the passengers, or they may be placed in reverse order so that one may sit facing the engine or looking the other way. The run to Madison was very pleasant. I learned a good deal from Mr Fyfe of the nature of the country through which we were passing. Indian corn is grown largely in this district, and the tobacco leaf is abundant. Wheat, oats, and barley are also cultivated on a limited scale. Wheat sown in spring is ready for the harvest in July or August, according to the weather. Indian corn planted in May is ready for the garner by September or October. It grows to a height of about ten feet, and is a beautiful sight at harvest time. Ploughing by steam is quite common in some of the

States. As many as twenty ploughs are sometimes driven by one engine. At Rock river, a broad stream which flows into the Mississippi, we reached the boundary of the State of Illinois and passed into the State of Wisconsin. The climate of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin is considered one of the best in the United States. We saw many fine herds of brindled cattle, chiefly Jerseys and Holsteins, between Janesville and Madison. It was twilight when we arrived in Madison shortly after seven o'clock one evening about the end of June. They do not have the long days of summer in the New World which we enjoy in the old country, but they have other compensating advantages.

The beautiful and interesting city of Madison is the metropolis of the State of Wisconsin, and numbers between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants. Madison is situated on a sort of isthmus between the two largest of a chain of four ideal inland lakes. Northward is Lake Mendota, with about fifteen square miles of water, and southward is Lake Monona, with a little over five square miles of water. The city has many fine buildings, including the new State Capitol, not quite finished when I was in Madison—a magnificent structure of white granite, erected at a cost of 7,000,000 dollars. The dome is one of the highest in the world, being only twenty feet lower than that of the national Capitol at Washington. The interior of the building contains numerous granites and marbles of various colours, richly marked and finished. The Capitol has been decorated both externally and internally by artists of international reputation, and when completed will rank amongst the most notable buildings of the States. Each State in the American Union has its Capitol, where the Senate and Lower House meet for State legislation. The Governor is elected by popular vote, and to him is assigned the office of Commander-in-Chief of the State army. In Wisconsin the Senate numbers 25 members, while in the Lower House there are 100 representatives. In the Madison Capitol

accommodation is also provided for the Supreme Court Library, containing 55,000 volumes, the Supreme Court of Judges, and the Governor's reception room. There is a striking mural painting in the Assembly Chamber, entitled "Wisconsin." The setting is a pine forest, with an effect of late afternoon sunlight. A female figure, symbolising Wisconsin, is seated on a rock among figures which are intended to suggest her past. Around her, with aquatic plants twined about their heads and bodies, are women standing and seated, representing Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, and the Mississippi river—the bodies of water by which Wisconsin is surrounded. The National and State flags are also conspicuous adornments of the Chamber. Exclusive of Commissioners, there are about 2000 employés in the Capitol. The Governor's room is a marvel of artistic adornment. The walls are panelled with costly woods; and rare paintings, illustrative of various phases in the history of the State, are placed side by side with symbolical figures and patriotic mottoes. The gilded ceiling is lavishly decorated, and the flooring abounds with rare designs in Mosaic work.

During my stay in Madison I enjoyed the hospitality of Messrs A. D. and J. V. Frederickson, sons-in-law of Mr Fyfe. These gentlemen have an extensive business in Madison as wood merchants and manufacturers. The internal scaffolding of the dome of the Capitol, which was of a most elaborate description, was the work of Messrs Frederickson. The dome was brilliantly illuminated for the first time while I was in Madison, and the illumination could be seen many miles away from the city. I had a motor car run one evening with several members of the Frederickson family, including Mr Fyfe and an esteemed friend, whose name I do not feel at liberty to mention, round Lake Mendota and far beyond its margin. The road here leads into what might be taken for one of our Scottish moors. I think this run must have been

arranged in order to show me what an American car can do on an impossible road. I suppose the American citizens, whose nerves have been strengthened by familiarity with the dangers of city life, are prepared at any moment to "shuffle off this mortal coil," but we came through the ordeal unscathed. We had a few bursts or tyre leakages, when every man put in some strenuous work at the "pumps," but these were only trifling incidents amid the perils of this remarkable but enjoyable motor sprint. It was on our way back that we beheld the illuminated dome of the Capitol—and it was a proud moment for the citizens of Madison.

Having attempted, very inadequately I fear, to describe the glories of the Capitol of Madison, a brief reference may be made to the city itself. It is a thriving commercial centre, with ample hotel accommodation, and exceptional facilities for amusement and recreation. Besides its cinema picture palaces, it has two high-class theatres, and a third is about to be provided. The natural beauty of Madison is one of its outstanding features. Composed mostly of residential districts, its well paved streets and fine lawns, lined by "spreading chestnut trees," impart to the city a charm to be found in few municipalities of the same size. The handsome houses along the front of Lake Mendota add to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The parks and pleasure drives are an asset which the citizens justly appreciate. The parks intersect the lakes by which Madison is surrounded, and the drives make a complete circuit of the lakes through a wealth of flowers and shrubbery which must evoke the admiration of all visitors.

Madison has many other attractions, but it is her chain of lakes which is the greatest. Racing competitions are frequently held on the lakes, the regattas being attended by members of yacht clubs from various parts of the country. I noticed that one of the trophies presented for these races was the Frederickson challenge cup, the gift of my host in Madison. The crews of Madison University row on the lakes during the

greater part of the year. When the wind blows from the north, Lake Mendota becomes too rough for the narrow racing shells which are used, and the crews transfer their boats to Lake Monona, where they find a windward shore instead of a leeward. Canoeing parties adopt the same practice, and in this way the lakes are available in almost all weathers during the rowing season. I have already given the area of the lakes, but not their actual size. Mendota is about four miles by six, and Monona two miles by three, quite large enough for yachting and steam launch excursions. Longfellow in his "Four Lakes of Madison"—there are really five, namely, Mendota, Monona, Wingra, Waubesa, and Kegonsa—says :

Four limpid lakes—four Naiades
Or sylvan deities are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed ;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on high ;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear !
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloudland or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere !

What is called a naval week, consisting of water sports, Venetian nights, and other forms of aquatic entertainment, was inaugurated in August 1914, and as the experiment proved very successful it will probably become an annual institution. A trip on these lakes is a rare treat. I had a run around Mendota one afternoon in Mr Albert Frederickson's electric launch. There were four passengers—Mr Frederickson and

his son, Mr Fyfe, and myself. When a fresh breeze is blowing, the water in the centre of the lake becomes quite violent, and careful navigation is required to avoid shipping seas. Mendota is 846 feet above sea level, and its greatest depth is 84 feet. I was told in the course of our trip that large tracts of land have in past years been reclaimed from the marshy portions of the lake, on which trees have been planted and villas erected, thereby increasing the revenue of the municipality and at the same time beautifying the banks of the lake. Mendota is overlooked by the golf course of the Maple Bluff Club. The site of the course is most picturesque, the links are nicely kept, and the grounds are extensive. Maple Bluff, from which the Club takes its name, is a projecting cliff on the northeast side of the lake. We passed quite close to the Bluff, near which there is a bungalow, provided, I understand, by Mr Fyfe for pleasure parties. We went ashore here and inspected the bungalow—a most habitable summer residence, furnished with bedding and other requisites. We also touched at Picnic Point, where we found a handsome shelter for picnic parties, with ball-room and refreshment halls. The grounds here are finely wooded, and the green sward underneath the trees forms an ideal spot for picnics. Continuing our trip, an animated conversation ensued, and we had nearly run into the nets of some fishermen before we observed our mistake. We had to make a considerable detour in order to clear the nets, and we subsequently arrived at what my friends designated The Shack—a building to which the members of a men's club in Madison make periodical trips across the lake to spend an evening in a pleasant social way. No women may enter The Shack. It is sacred to the men, who, when they want to be alone, away from the cares and worries of business, resort thither for a brief interval. There is bedding accommodation in The Shack, besides cooking apparatus and other furnishings. Sometimes the members of the Club have to remain all night in the event of a storm arising on the lake.

Some refreshments which had been left by the last tenants were available on the occasion of our visit. We had a pleasant run home in ideal weather. On arriving at the landing jetty a few steps brought us to the grounds of the State house of the Governor of Wisconsin, to whom I was introduced by Mr Frederickson. Consistently enough, his name is M'Govern, and a finer type of man I have seldom met. In the very prime of life, with a well-knit figure and striking face, fluent and interesting in speech, courteous and easy in manner, he seemed a strong man in every sense of the word, and from what I heard in Madison it is not unlikely that he may yet be in the running for the Presidency of America. Reclining upon a couch in the verandah when I was taken to him, he gave me a cordial handshake, and apologised for not being able to rise. He explained that he had had an accident the previous day, having fallen from his horse and sustained severe bruises. The doctor had, however, assured him that his injuries were not of a serious nature, and he expected to be all right in a few days. We expressed our regret at the accident, and our hope for a speedy recovery. The Governor immediately entered into a conversation on the political situation in Britain. This was of course before the European war had broken out, and just at the time when this country was on the verge of civil war. Referring to the question of Irish Home Rule, I gathered that the sympathies of Mr M'Govern were with the Unionist party. He also spoke of our troubles with the suffragists, and left me in no doubt as to his attitude on that question. He asked me about our local taxation. I told him that in Arbroath the total assessment on the rental approximated 5s per £1, and he replied that it was much the same in Madison, only that it was the capital that was assessed instead of the rental. In the course of further conversation I made a felicitous reference to Mr Lloyd George, at which the Governor laughed heartily, and was joined by Mr Frederickson and Mr Fyfe. At the

close of our interview Mr M'Govern called upon one of his attendants to fetch us a glass of wine, and, after I had thanked him for the kindness of his reception and expressed the pleasure I had derived from my visit to America, we took our departure.

My short stay in Madison fortunately synchronised with what is called Commencement Day in connection with Madison University. This imposing ceremonial was held on 17th June 1914, and marked the opening of the summer or closing session of the University. It was naturally a gala day among the citizens of Madison, who turned out in thousands to witness the University procession and the presentation of diplomas to the successful students. The weather was ideal. The candidates for degrees met on the upper campus of the University, and as they marched to the great Armoury hall they were joined in front of the law building by the members of the University staff. The procession was headed by an instrumental band, which discoursed very fine music. The students and spectators having assembled in the Armoury, a classical composition was played by Bach's Symphony Orchestra. A thoughtful and eloquent address by President Charles R. Van Hise was followed with an appropriate stanza sung by the graduating class to the melody of Haydn's Austrian Hymn. Orations on various subjects were afterwards given by some of the students. The subsequent granting of about two thousand degrees was followed by a public reception of the members of the graduating class, alumni, and other friends of the University at the house of the President.

I am indebted to Miss Jean Frederickson, daughter of Mr J. V. Frederickson, one of the students who received her B.A. diploma at the ceremonial, for a considerable amount of information as to the equipments of Madison University, a summary of which may not be without interest in Arbroath circles. Wisconsin was admitted to the

Statehood in 1848, and in accordance with the provisions of the constitution steps were immediately taken to organise the University. The Civil War greatly retarded its progress, but in after years it advanced by leaps and bounds, and now numbers about 6000 resident students. The University is supported partly by the income of federal grants, partly by the taxation of the people of the State, partly by students' fees, and to a slight extent by private gifts. The State, through the University, undertakes to furnish instruction in the various branches necessary to a liberal education, such as engineering, law, agriculture, medicine, pharmacy, chemistry, commerce, home economics, and music. The grounds cover 926 acres, and extend for several miles along the shore of Lake Mendota. Most of the buildings, including the College of Letters and Science, the College of Engineering, the Law School, and the Medicine School, are situated on University Hill, which has an elevation of about 100 feet above the lake. A short distance to the west is the Washburn Observatory. In the same vicinity are the buildings and gardens of the College of Agriculture and the University athletic field—the latter covering about 42 acres. The Forest Products Laboratory is also located in this neighbourhood. In addition to the horticultural, poultry, and dairy departments, there are four experimental farms, embracing about 740 acres. The buildings of the University that are used for educational purposes are 26 in number. There are also handsome residences for the principal members of the teaching staff. The Library contains about 195,000 volumes, but including the libraries of Madison, all of which are at the service of the students, the total number of books available is 457,000.

A gift from Mr Albert Frederickson, which I shall always treasure, is a publication, dated 1915, entitled "The Badger," the motto of the University—a handsome volume of nearly 700 pages, containing many interesting pictures illustrative

of the University and its environments, portraits of the senior students for 1914, and comical sketches of student life, besides much valuable detail. During the ceremonial I was introduced by Mr John Frederickson to the Mayor of Madison, with whom I had a pleasant word.

As a commercial centre Madison has made great strides within the last few years. Her industries have been developed and stimulated by her splendid railway facilities. Over a hundred passenger trains run daily between Madison and important American cities, east, west, north, and south. Madison is 90 miles from the Mississippi river, 260 miles from Lake Superior—the largest lake in the world—and 82 miles from Lake Michigan. Situated in the very heart of the State of Wisconsin, the city has special commercial advantages, and presents abundant opportunities for a prosperous career. Its scenic attractions are exceptional, and visitors come from all corners of the earth. It may be mentioned that the average death rate of twenty-three of the American States in 1913 was 15 per 1000. In the State of Wisconsin the rate was 12 per 1000, and in the city of Madison only 7·2 per 1000. The average temperature of Madison in the months of July and August is above 68 degrees. The summer evenings are cool, with much sunshine. There are few fogs or wind storms. In winter the climate is bracing and healthy. The eleven parks attached to the city and twenty-five miles of lake shore drives cover an area of 282 acres, not including the 926 acres of recreation ground connected with the University. Among the more important industries of Madison are the manufacture of agricultural implements, machine tools, gas and oil engines, dairy products, electrical apparatus, and building materials. In dairying Wisconsin takes the premier place in America. It produces one half of the cheese of the United States.

The Yankee population of Madison—shrewd, sturdy, and self-reliant—has been supplemented by much of the best

brain and brawn of Europe. There are no paupers, and, whilst there are no millionaires, no section of the inhabitants can be described as discontented or unhappy. Indeed, prosperity has been handed round, and Madison has become a most desirable place in which to live. One is impressed, too, with the courtesy and friendliness of the people. The visitor is made to feel at home wherever he may go in his exploration of the city and its neighbourhood. I was shown over one of the large tobacco factories of Madison, and was greatly interested in the process of the manufacture of the leaf into the finished article. The proprietor was kind enough to present me with a sample of the tobacco before I left the premises.

Mr John Frederickson—a veritable son of Anak, and as pleasant a man as one could desire to find—conveyed me round the city in his motor car, and afterwards over a large portion of the adjacent country. The highways are splendid, but we did not confine ourselves to the highways; we negotiated some difficult roads through the forests, where the paths were such as required great skill on the part of my chauffeur, but Mr Frederickson, with iron nerve and all the art of a past-master, threaded his way along these zig-zag and often deeply rutted avenues in a manner which commanded my admiration. We made some halts in order to look around. Beautiful springs of water were to be found here, bubbling up from beneath the surface with similar intensity to that of the noted Queen's Well in Scotland, situated between Invermark and Mount Keen, which I had visited many years ago in the course of a forty mile walk from Edzell over the hills to Ballater, accompanied by one of my coadjutors on the "Arbroath Guide" staff, now deceased. In the time of the late Queen Victoria this spring was protected by a stone structure bearing the inscription :—

Rest, weary traveller, on this lonely green,
And drink and pray for Scotland's queen.

On our return to the city we visited some of its public buildings, including one of the Masonic temples. Perhaps I might mention here that the lakes of Madison provide not only splendid opportunities for recreation and athletics in summer but also for ice yachting in winter, while there are ample facilities for tobogganing, skating, and ski-ing. When the lakes are frozen the ice yachts fly along the smooth surface under full sail at an incredible speed. This form of sport is very popular and exhilarating, and prize competitions are held annually. Bass, pike, perch, and pickerel afford abundant sport for the angler.

CHAPTER VI.

CRYSTAL LAKE.

ALONG with my *vade mecum*, Mr Fyfe, I left Madison by rail at an early hour on a fine bracing morning in June on our return journey to Chicago, having first bidden adieu to the Frederickson families, whose goodness and kindness I shall ever remember. We stopped at Crystal Lake, a pleasant village in the State of Illinois, fully forty miles from Chicago. Mr Fyfe had arranged that I should pay a visit to Mrs Hillebrand, an Arbroath lady, whose residence, The Pines, is situated a few miles out from the village. On alighting at the station we found an automobile awaiting us, and were quickly conveyed to our destination. We had a cordial reception from Mrs Hillebrand, who had written me some years ago, through a letter of introduction from Mr Fyfe, asking if I could procure for her a series of views of Arbroath, including certain districts of the town in which she was interested. I believe I was able to carry out this mission to her satisfaction, and in the circumstances I was pleased to have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mrs Hillebrand in person. Her father, Mr Curr, many years ago carried on business as a manufacturer in Arbroath in one of the Inch mills. He was a cousin of the late Mr Patrick Allan-Fraser of Hospitalfield, and was related to other prominent personages in the district. Mrs Hillebrand, who is a cousin of the late ex-Provost David Wilkie, Kirriemuir, left Arbroath while she was yet in her youth. She was, I

understand, an intimate friend of Mrs J. P. Lilley, Knox Manse, Arbroath. Her husband had, unfortunately, left for Chicago to attend to business before our arrival. There are ample grounds attached to The Pines, including a nice orchard, where Mr Fyfe and I regaled ourselves with various fruits while waiting for dinner. During our short stay I had a voluminous and enlightening conversation with Mrs Hillebrand about Arbroath past and present. Her questions and my answers revived many interesting reminiscences, and I am sure I derived as much pleasure from what she had to say as she could possibly have received from any information at my command. Mr Fyfe, who was only a lad of seventeen when he left Arbroath, was naturally not so deeply interested in the labyrinthian family connections of his native place as were my interlocutor and myself, but he listened with evident pleasure to our discursive talk about the good people of the Round O.

In the evening, after I had received Mrs Hillebrand's farewell benediction—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace"—we parted from her and motored into Crystal Lake. There is a considerable gradient on the road between The Pines and Crystal Lake, but it does not rise much higher than the road between Hercules Den and Fernlea, immediately beyond the Arbroath burgh boundary. It is understood to be the highest point in Illinois, and affords a good illustration of the remarkably even surface of this important State, including the large area of the city of Chicago.

CHAPTER VII.

ELGIN AND GLENORA SPRINGS.

WE were soon aboard our train at Crystal Lake, and after a short run we stepped off at the city of Elgin, which is pronounced with a soft g. It had been arranged by Mr Fyfe that we should visit the summer residence, near Elgin, of his long-standing friend, Mr Malcolm M'Neil, a native of Airdrie, in Scotland. Mr M'Neil, who is a millionaire, is president of the M'Neil & Higgins Wholesale Grocery Company in Chicago—one of the great establishments in that city. He was born in 1832, and emigrated to America in 1848. He began business in Dundee, and in 1858 established a small grocery store in Elgin, which soon became the largest general store in the city. It was in 1872 that Mr M'Neil, along with Mr Charles Higgins, founded the business in Chicago. He owns three excellent dairy farms near Elgin, and adjoining these is his summer retreat, named Glenora Springs. On our arrival at Elgin railway station we were met by Mr M'Neil's chauffeur, who conducted us to an automobile, in which were seated Mr and Mrs M'Neil, to whom I was introduced by Mr Fyfe. I was received with a homely warmth which was most reassuring, and after an enjoyable drive we reached Glenora Springs just as the twilight was descending. On our way we passed the dairy farms to which I have alluded. The equipments of these farms, including the live stock, are provided by Mr M'Neil, who charges the tenants a certain rental for the whole. The farms and buildings are models of order



MALCOLM M'NEIL.

and comfort, and I have no doubt the tenants are well satisfied with the conditions of their lease. We dined with our host and hostess shortly after our arrival at Glenora Springs. The house is a fine old place, differing in its internal style of architecture from anything I had seen in America. The apartments were spacious and self-contained—if one may use that expression as opposed to the usual open spaces without enclosing doors—and the furnishings reflected the taste as well as the opulence of the owner. The very essence of kindness was exhibited by Mr and Mrs M'Neil towards their guests, and personally I was made to feel absolutely at home. After an interesting conversation in the ample verandah, we retired for the night. I slept in an upper room, and awakened in the morning mightily refreshed, due in large measure to the perfect quietness of the surroundings and the sweet-scented air—the perfume of the adjacent trees and flowers. Having breakfasted in the dining hall, we adjourned to the sitting room below, where a huge fire was blazing, the temperature having fallen slightly during the night. This was the first time I had warmed myself at a domestic hearth since I had visited the States. The house was not heated by hot water pipes, as is the rule in the American cities, and while hitherto the weather had been so warm that no fire was required I greatly enjoyed the “ruddy glow” with which I had been familiar from childhood. We chatted pleasantly for about an hour, discussing social, political, and ecclesiastical questions with all the freedom and independence of “lords of creation.” Subsequently, we strolled through the beautifully wooded grounds, where Mr M'Neil showed and explained to us the hydraulic power by means of which he had introduced into his summer home a plentiful supply of water from the numerous springs of Glenora. We inspected various buildings in the grounds. One of these is for men servants, and there is a handsome villa where guests are accommodated in the event

of an overflow at the principal residence. During the summer there are many visitors to Glenora, including picnic parties, and all are graciously welcomed by Mr and Mrs M'Neil, who administer to their enjoyment on a liberal scale. While inspecting the grounds I observed numerous small dovecots in the trees, provided by Mr M'Neil, where the birds of the air may lodge and "have their quiet nest." My host and hostess were desirous that I should stay for a few days, and I would fain have accepted their kind invitation, for I was loth to quit this charming retreat, but I had an engagement with my brother the following day, which prevented me from further enjoying the society of an eminently good man and an amiable woman—the latter now, alas, deceased. From Glenora Springs we motored to Elgin, accompanied by Mr and Mrs M'Neil. On our way we passed through the extensive grounds of the Asylum, where the inmates in companies were seen patrolling the walks in charge of the keepers. The population of Elgin is similar to that of Arbroath. It is an interesting and attractive city, with many fine avenues, lined with tall, graceful trees, whose abundant foliage, arching over the roadway, forms a pleasant shade from the heat of the sun in warm weather. The residential quarters in the suburbs are highly picturesque, and our run through the city left a favourable impression of its prosperity and comfort. Elgin is situated on the Fox river, and is about 36 miles from Chicago. Its most notable feature is probably its well-known watch factory, where some three thousand persons are employed, but a large business is also done in the manufacture of carriages and machinery. Before parting from Mr M'Neil, he was kind enough to suggest that his residence in La Salle Street, Chicago, was at my disposal if I should at any time be stranded when exploring the down-town section of the city. Mr Fyfe and I then entrained for Chicago, which we reached in the early evening.

I was naturally elated with the delightful nature of my experiences in the Wisconsin capital, where I had made many friends and learned something of the manners and customs of the people. Similarly, my visit to Crystal Lake and Glenora Springs had been attended with the happiest results. The surpassing kindness and solicitation for my comfort of the estimable personages to whom I had been introduced at these pleasant resorts will remain a bright and indelible memory.

CHAPTER VIII.

OAK PARK BORROWED TIME CLUB.

DURING my stay in Chicago I was enabled, through the good offices of Mr Fyfe, to visit the Borrowed Time Club, which has its headquarters at Scoville Institute, Oak Park. Oak Park is a beautiful and extensive suburb of Chicago. It might be described as an Arcadian retreat, whose leisured inhabitants, though not exactly professing to lead the 'simple life,' seem to be always happy and contented, as, of course, they ought to be in the midst of such delightful environments.

Mr Fyfe, who is a Borrowed Timer, motored with me one afternoon to Scoville Institute, where the Club meets once a week. Its membership is composed of retired gentlemen, whose ages range from seventy years and upwards. No one who is under seventy is eligible for membership, unless he is a veteran of the Civil War. There are no dues and no pledges. All that is necessary to qualify for membership is to be living on "borrowed time"—that is, beyond the Biblical span of life, three score years and ten. The Club was instituted in 1902. Lately it invited to its membership comrades in neighbouring communities, and a number of sages from Austin and River Forest, villages adjoining Oak Park, have been enrolled as members of the Club, whose purpose is to enable men who have passed seventy to enjoy their declining years, to be helpful to one another, and to do what they may to serve their country. The Club has a national reputation, and is considered a model of its kind.



ANSON T. HEMINGWAY.

A brief sketch of the history of the institution, written by a journalist, Mr George M. Ambrose, may be of interest. In the year 1900 Mr Ambrose noticed some elderly gentlemen congregating at a certain rendezvous, and his curiosity was aroused. He entered the place and found the veterans, each of whom had passed the allotted span, regaling each other with interesting experiences in their early lives. He found that these old men had no fixed meetings, but just dropped in when the spirit moved them. In 1902 a conference was held between the regular visitors to the rendezvous, with the result that an agreement was made that only men of seventy years and over would be eligible for membership in the new organisation. Office-bearers were elected, and thus began what is now known as the Oak Park Borrowed Time Club. The institution at the time of my visit numbered 150 active and 30 honorary members—mostly well-to-do citizens of Oak Park and its adjuncts. It is a sort of brotherhood, with no distinction of class, no politics, and no religious creeds. If a member is ill, discouraged, or downhearted, he is visited by other members, whose mission is to cheer and comfort him. A printed agenda of the business of the Club is circulated among the members previous to each meeting, and when the Club assembles minutes are read by the secretary, Mr H. H. Stoddard. The Club historian is Mrs Stoddard—the only lady who has regular access to the weekly meetings. Visitors of any age are admitted only on special occasions. A social meeting of the Club is held once a month, when birthday cards are issued. Birthday parties are arranged in honour of members who were born in any particular month. These are guests of honour, and each is presented with a birthday token. The guests frequently respond by giving brief and interesting outlines of their individual careers.

When I visited the Club the chair was occupied by the president, Mr A. T. Hemingway. The Rev. J. B. Colvill opened

the meeting with a prayer which was peculiarly appropriate in respect that reference was made to the longevity of the members of the Club and their thankfulness for the borrowed years, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by a reasonable amount of health and strength. He prayed that their remaining days would be spent in peace and gladness. This was towards the end of June 1914. There had been no whisper up to that moment of the European Armageddon, and probably none of those present conceived that the terrible war in which Germany has involved the world was so near at hand. Prayer was followed by a few words from the president, who reminded the members that they were all nearing the ridge of life. If they thought too much of this side of the ridge they were unfortunate, because they were going on time too long. They had to think of the other side, where they must all go very soon. After the members of the Club had sung one or two of their favourite songs, the president introduced the Rev. Dr H. G. Jackson, who gave a delightfully instructive address on the land and people beyond the equator, where he had spent ten years of his life. Having referred to the peculiarities of the climate of South America, he compared the size of the countries there with the United States, Great Britain, and Europe. In this connection he quoted figures which must have been a revelation to most of the members of the Club, while investing South America with a new interest. For example, he pointed out that the maps of the countries in South America were drawn on a much smaller scale than the maps of the other parts of the world. Thus, Mexico was about as large as one-fourth of the United States, while the Argentine Republic, not including Patagonia, was almost as large as one-third of the United States, leaving out Alaska, and Brazil was only a little bit smaller than the whole of Europe. There was no country in this southern continent that was so small as England, and there was only one as small as Great Britain. Dr Jackson

proceeded to remark that during his sojourn in the southern continent he found himself continually "turned round" owing to the position of the sun. Everything had an opposite slant from that to which he had been accustomed in the States. The shadows fell to the south instead of the north, and the sun itself, apparently, travelled in a contrary direction to that experienced on the other side of the equator. There were many pleasant features in these tropical countries, but those who lived in the States might derive comfort from the fact that their lot was not cast in a land where the sun was directly overhead six months in the year, and where the earth was so hot that the almost daily showers fell upon the baked ground only to rise again in mist and vapour. The changes of the seasons were the reverse of what they had in the States, and there was a much greater difference between shade and sun than that which obtained on the northern side of the equator. The forests, which were all of hard wood, were rendered impenetrable by solid growths of trees and vines, except where roads were cut through. Pampas fields were to be found in many districts, and fruit was abundant, notably peaches and pears. Much wheat was grown in Argentine. There were vast flocks of sheep, and hides and wool were shipped to many countries. Dr Jackson referred to the native tigers, which differed from those in India in respect that they had no stripes, and were mostly of a white colour, with black spots, but he facetiously remarked that if one had to be eaten by them these differences in skin would matter very little. The instruments used in attacking the tiger, simply the poncho and knife, were not such as to inspire courage in the inexperienced hunter, but these were easily and skilfully manipulated by the natives. Speaking of race divisions, Dr Jackson remarked that the Spaniards came to North America to conquer the land, and having driven away the Indians there was no desire to have any dealings with them. The Spaniards afterwards went to South America, both to conquer and convert the people,

which was done at the point of the sword. Their conquest was followed by intermarriage, and thus to-day there are the Spaniards, who rule, and the native Indians and Guachos—the latter a cross between the Spaniard and the Indian—together with the horsemen, who wield bolos and lariats. In addition, there has been the immigration of the foreigner from most of the European countries and from the United States and Great Britain. In one of the Indian tribes there is a contingent of giants, the women reaching six and a half feet and the men towering above them. Dr Jackson answered many interesting questions in regard to missionary work, public schools, forms of government, and religious creeds.

In the course of the proceedings I was formally introduced to the members of the Club by Mr Fyfe, who apologised for his absence from some of their recent meetings on account of the attention he had devoted to myself since my arrival in Chicago. I had written him, he told the members, in May of 1914, intimating my intention to visit America in order to spend a short time with my brother and sister and their families in Chicago, and that I should also spend a few days in Oak Park. He remarked that I had had a warm reception in Chicago, where I had many friends, and that my reception from the weather had been no less warm. He had been with me to various notable places in Chicago since my arrival at Oak Park, and we had also journeyed to Madison, where we attended the University graduation ceremonial and strolled through the principal streets of that beautiful city, besides making sundry excursions by road and lake. On returning to Oak Park he had seized the opportunity to introduce me to the Borrowed Time Club in order that I might see how the young old men there improved their time and enjoyed themselves in the evening of their lives. Mr Fyfe concluded by remarking that as I was connected with the newspaper press I might be able to carry away with me and communicate to the young old men in Scotland some information as to the

working of the Oak Park Borrowed Time Club, and that possibly they might adopt some of the methods of that Club. I have given here a summary of Mr Fyfe's remarks, and I will not trouble my readers with the *ipsissima verba* of my own. I expressed to the members the intense delight it had given me to listen to their programme of entertainment that afternoon. I commented upon the impressive and inspiring prayer of Mr Colvill, and referred to the peculiarly entertaining and unique preliminary remarks of Colonel T. E. Hogge and Dr J. M. Huckstep, the former a veteran of the Civil War, who fought on the Southern side. I indicated my admiration of the interesting and most enlightening address delivered by Dr Jackson—in particular his reference to the apparent vagaries of the sun in South America and his instructive statement as to the deceptive character of the scale of maps representing the countries beyond the equator. It was an exhaustive address, but even so one could have listened to much more of such educative information as the gallant Colonel was able to supply. To Mr Fyfe, I concluded, I owed a debt of gratitude for giving me the opportunity of associating myself with the Borrowed Timers of Oak Park—an institution different from anything else I had ever seen or heard of. I need hardly say that I had a gratifying reception from the members of this congenial and remarkable brotherhood.

Copies of an attractive journal, named "Oak Leaves," published in Oak Park, have from time to time been forwarded to me by Mr Fyfe. Reports of the meetings of the Borrowed Time Club appear regularly in this publication. In one of the numbers I find that on 27th August 1914 the Borrowed Timers, with their wives and daughters, were entertained by President and Mrs Hemingway at their home in Oak Park Avenue in honour of the birthdays of fifteen of their number and also to celebrate the forty-seventh wedding anniversary of the host and hostess. On that occasion Mr Fyfe gave

some interesting facts about twelve old wise men, from 81 to 92 years of age, who lunched together in Los Angeles in commemoration of the eighty-fifth birthday of one of their number. General John S. Wilcox, one of the twelve, produced a copy of the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, written in script, the shading of which formed a fine portrait of Lincoln. Mr Fyfe also read a portion of a letter which his friend, Mr M'Neil, La Salle Street, Chicago, had received from General Wilcox, in which the General referred to a group of five old men who used to meet, without organisation, at the home of Mr M'Neil. He simply mentioned these things to show that there were other institutions in the country similar to their own beloved Borrowed Time Club. I observe from another number of "Oak Leaves" that an account is given of an impressive service held on 31st December 1914 in memory of seventeen members of the Club who died in that year. The youngest of these departed brothers was 71 and the oldest 92. Their average age was 79 years. At this service President Hemingway presented each of the Borrowed Timers with a copy of the following New Year wish, which is ascribed to Goethe :—

Health enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs.

Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbour.

Cheerfulness enough that shall make others glad.

Love enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith that shall make real the things of God.

And hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

At a subsequent meeting of the Club, on 28th January 1915, Mr Fyfe told the Borrowed Timers of his visit to Scotland fourteen years ago, and how loyally he had been entertained through the courtesy of the writer, who had recently

visited their Club, and whose "Impressions of America" had been appearing in the press since his return to Scotland. Mr Fyfe intimated that he intended to read parts of these notes at a future meeting of the Club.

At the close of my visit, Mr Fyfe's handsome new car awaited us outside the precincts of the institution, and soon, under the guidance of his son, Mr George Fyfe, and a near neighbour in Home Avenue, Mr C. D. Smith, who owns an estate in Florida, whither he repairs every winter, we were bounding along the comfortably paved streets of Oak Park towards the neighbouring villages of River Forest, Austin, and Forest Park. Tree surgeons have lately been employed in the treatment of a grove of oaks on the property of the River Forest Land Association. These ancient giants are among the few left to recall the days of the Indians. A considerable number were found to be badly decayed at the heart. One appeared to have suffered from a wound received by lightning before the revolutionary war. The decayed portions were removed and the trees strengthened by steel rods and chains, while the cavities were filled in with concrete, reinforced by steel. This treatment, it is believed, will so preserve the trees that they may live to offer shade to the citizens a hundred years hence. Much practical work in mosquito extermination has been done lately in River Forest. A careful search was made for signs of breeding in the river. In no case were eggs or larvæ found there, but they were observed in some of the pools in the woods, which were afterwards oiled. This has greatly checked the breeding, but the woods are probably not the chief source of the trouble, and other methods are being employed to root out the pest. After making a circuit of the villages I have named, we returned to Oak Park and had a most enjoyable run through its fine avenues, lined on either side with picturesque mansions and villas. Oak Park has been called a village, but it is one of 27,000 inhabitants—a very considerable population even for

an American village, and as the affairs of the little city are getting rather out of hand a system of municipal government is being advocated, involving the appointment of an expert manager, who would run the municipality as if it were a business enterprise. No complaint is made against the village fathers. Oak Park has had the services of the best of its citizens on the village Board, and these have made great sacrifices for the public weal; but even with high grade men in office it is admitted that public business is but loosely managed and drags along in a manner which would not be tolerated in the conduct of private business.

I received a copy of "Oak Leaves," dated 1st January 1916, containing an interesting account of a memorial service held by the Borrowed Time Club in honour of seven of their members who had "passed on" during the year 1915. Seven vacant chairs were draped with flags, and a beautiful rose was placed in each chair as the names were read of those who had been "called home." The Rev. C. M. Morton, the Club chaplain, paid a tribute to the memory of each of the departed, and preached an impressive sermon on the subject, "God has His plan for every man." The memorial address was delivered by the Rev. George N. Lubbock, who said that the dominant note in such a service should be a veritable song of victory. One of the best assets of a community was its old people, and they felt the loss of the members who had "gone to rest," but in their going away there should be jubilation, no suggestion of defeat. Old age was one of God's good gifts, not an arbitrary act, but a testimony of good living through recognition of and obedience to the laws of health and life. The Club historian read her annual report, from which it appeared that 53 new Borrowed Timers had been enrolled during the year 1915, and that the total membership now amounted to 210, representing seventeen States of the Union and nine foreign countries. Of the latter Britain led with 19 members.

CHAPTER IX.

FOOTBALL IN AMERICA.

A DEVOTED friend with whom I was associated in Chicago is well known to many of the citizens of Arbroath—Mr Archibald Birse, a native of the Round O, who is a frequent visitor at my brother's house in Fernwood. Since his emigration to America he has twice visited his relatives in Arbroath. Mr Birse is a merchant tailor in Chicago. His business apartments are located in a huge building named The Schiller, which includes in its ramifications the Garrick Theatre, shops of various descriptions, a host of business offices, and a restaurant, where, I was informed, a Scotch or Presbyterian "high ball" is very popular. The number of Mr Birse's room is 1008 in the tenth storey of The Schiller establishment. This will convey some idea of the size of the building. Visitors to The Schiller are transported to its giddy heights by means of the indispensable elevator. You press an electric button, and a man in charge of an elevator speedily arrives on the spot. You walk into the elevator, the gates of fretted iron work are closed, and up you fly to your destination. You mention to the conductor the number of the floor you want to reach, and there the elevator is stopped. Other passengers may be going higher, and the ascent is continued after you are released from the iron cage.

The Schiller is situated practically in the midst of the great Chicago thoroughfares, and I found Mr Birse to be one of the most useful men in the city, so far as I was concerned, in

respect that he was always able to tell me the best and shortest way to any place or person I wanted to visit. I often had occasion to go to his quarters for geographical information, and in him I had a veritable encyclopædia. He is married to a clever wife—a woman of more than average intelligence and of great common-sense, who once or twice when I called was good enough, in the absence of her husband, to act as my guide to some of the principal institutions of Chicago. Mr Birse is a great authority on football, and holds the important office of treasurer of the United States Football Association. He writes notes on the game to some of the newspapers under the *nom de plume* of “Smiddy Craft,” principally in the “Western British American,” published in Chicago. Many football enthusiasts in the city are puzzled over his peculiar signature. I fancy there are plenty of people in Arbroath who could enlighten them, especially those resident in Smithy Croft. “Soccer” is the name given to football in America. Sports in Chicago are very popular on Sunday afternoons. I do not mean to suggest that there are no churchgoers in the city. On the contrary, I found that the morning services in the churches were generally well attended; some of the principal churches were crowded. But the hard-working people of Chicago seem to think that they are entitled to a little recreation on Sunday afternoon, when both football and baseball matches are played, not to mention other forms of sport. I attended one of these football contests along with a number of friends. There was a big crowd. The game was played under the rules of the Scottish Association, and excited much interest.

CHAPTER X.

A SUCCESSFUL ARBROATHIAN.

I WAS introduced by Mr Birse to Mr David James, a native of Arbroath, whose father was the late Mr David James, tinsmith, an esteemed townsman, who emigrated to America and paid a visit to his friends in Arbroath a number of years ago. The tragic occurrence of his sudden illness and death when on the voyage back to America will be remembered by many of our townsmen. The deceased carried on a successful iron sheet business in Chicago with his younger son, Mr Richard James, who is now at the head of the firm. Mr David James, the elder brother, is a partner with Mr Burke, under the firm name of Burke & James, in the manufacture of photographic apparatus in East Ontario Street, Chicago. They are the largest exclusive manufacturers of photographic supplies in the United States. The firm have an office and sample room in New York. Mr David James is a good example of what Arbroath men are doing abroad. I might mention only a few of the articles manufactured by Messrs Burke & James in proof of the remarkable business enterprise which has been displayed by that firm. Along with Mr Birse I visited their establishment one afternoon. It is a spacious five-storey building, with an acre of vacant ground adjoining, on which, I understand, a large extension of the premises is contemplated. Mr James showed me over the works. Hundreds of men and women were busy in the production of cameras, lanterns,

stereopticons, tripods, lenses, printing frames, posing chairs, grouping stools, chemical preparations, albums, and books on photography. The firm trade-mark is "Ingento." The ingento line consists of roll film cameras of different sizes and styles, for the manufacture of which the firm had been for years past preparing. This department is now in full operation, equipped with the finest machinery and a corps of expert camera makers and designers. A successful printing trade is done, and other branches of the business are the production of the Edison kinetoscope, numbering perforators, embossing presses, camera stands, opera glasses, and a deal of other work. I was much interested in the various processes of manufacture described by Mr James. I afterwards drove with him to his fine residence in Oak Park, where, by arrangement, we were joined by my friend, Mr Fyfe, to whom I introduced Mr James. These two Arbroath-Americans had been living for years almost within a stone throw of each other oblivious of the fact that both hailed from Arbroath until I had brought them together. We dined that evening with Mr and Mrs James and his brother and his wife, Mr and Mrs Richard James. We had a pleasant social night, and naturally many questions were asked about Arbroath and the families of a generation ago. Our host and hostess kindly invited me to spend a day or two with them, but I had to deny myself that pleasure, as I was anxious to be as much as possible with my own people in Fernwood. We drove in the evening to the railway depôt in Mr James's motor car, and at a late hour I arrived in Fernwood, having in the meantime discovered that my geographical knowledge of Chicago was not so complete as I had imagined. Mr Birse, besides bringing me into contact with Mr James, introduced me to quite a number of interesting personages in Chicago, one of whom was an esteemed citizen in full Highland dress. An ardent Free Mason, high in office, Mr Birse is frequently engaged in

delivering lectures to Masonic bodies in various cities throughout the States. One day he and I visited the Medinah Temple, the home of the Mystic Shrine, where the supreme forms of Freemasonry are observed. The World Sunday School Convention was assembled in the Medinah when we entered the building. We had simply called in order that I should see the interior of the Medinah, quite unaware of the presence of the Convention. The noted coloured preacher, Booker Washington, was one of the speakers; and an eminent musician, hymn writer, and composer conducted the singing—a powerful man, with a rich and sonorous baritone voice, which was distinctly heard in the midst of a great choir without being obtrusive. I should have wished to stay longer than we did, because it was an occasion of universal interest, but we had a pressing engagement elsewhere and could not remain.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

SINCE I have referred to the International Sunday School Convention, which held a series of meetings in Chicago during my visit, it might be well that I should describe here the remarkable pageant which took place in the city on a Saturday afternoon, when 50,000 Sunday School teachers walked in procession through the principal streets. It was the sight of a lifetime. I had never seen anything to equal it, and probably even the good people of Chicago had never witnessed a spectacle so enthralling and uplifting. Enormous crowds lined the broad Michigan Avenue, running parallel with the Lake shore, along which the procession passed. Here there is a straight line of at least two miles in length. Along with my brother I had come from our home in Fernwood to see this wonderful parade, and we selected a "coign of vantage" on the balcony of the Art Institute, whose treasures we had previously inspected. A countless assemblage awaited the approach of the Sunday School host with eager expectations, and when at last a blood-red banner flashed in the sunlight like a sheet of flame far down Michigan Boulevard a great cry arose among the myriad spectators. Shortly, the strains of music were heard—faintly at first, and then with increasing volume—

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine.

Thousands of voices were singing, accompanied by one of the cavalry bands of Chicago. There were many bands, and many kinds of instruments. Most of the States were represented in the pageant, and each State had its band. Favourite hymns were sung by each division, and the effect upon the mighty concourse of onlookers was peculiarly impressive, notably the refrain of the well-known Christmas hymn—

O, come let us adore Him.

Another favourite was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in the singing of which the Sunday School teachers were joined by many of the citizens. Innumerable banners and pennants of many colours, with quaint mottoes, rallying cries, and Bible texts, were displayed in the great march. Old men and young men in every walk of life—clergymen, professional men, and business men—carried banners. Fifty altars were borne on the shoulders of groups of men, and on each altar was an open Bible. A symbolical element in the procession was a huge car, in front of which there appeared the figure of a goddess, representing the old idea of Justice, blindfolded, and bearing the scales. Inside the car rode the new conception of Justice—a woman with a child in her protecting arms, and the dove of peace fluttering over them. A review stand had been erected near the Art Institute, which was occupied by the Mayor of Chicago (the Hon. Carter H. Harrison) and a host of other notables. Among the marshals in the procession were Johnston Meyers, of Immanuel; Heinz, of Pittsburg; and Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Detachments of mounted police rode in the ranks to maintain order. Companies of coloured men mingled with white men, and many nationalities were represented. A feature of interest was the distinguishing banner of each State. In one of the divisions a uniform red cap was worn; in others, a white cap. Seen at a distance, these presented a great blaze of colour, and the

effect was singularly fine. About two hours was the time taken by the pageant to pass a given point. It was a resplendent, inspiring scene, never to be forgotten by the vast "cloud of witnesses."

CHAPTER XII.

FORT DEARBORN.

ONE of the historical landmarks of Chicago is Fort Dearborn, to which my attention was directed in the course of a stroll along that neighbourhood. Fort Dearborn was established in 1803 on the site which is now the corner of Michigan Avenue and River Street. The fort was constructed by a troop of soldiers under the command of Captain Whistler. The building consisted of four log cabins and two block houses, and was surrounded by a palisade twelve feet high. In 1812 what is known as the Fort Dearborn massacre occurred. At that time the American Indians had been causing trouble, and on 15th August 1812 General Hull ordered the garrison—93 persons in all, including over a score of women and children—to abandon the fort. They marched southward on the Lake Shore to a point near what is now Eighteenth Street, where they were attacked by Indians and defeated. When the fighting was over only 36 remained alive. Of these, 7 escaped through the aid of friendly Indians, and the remainder fell into the hands of the savages. The bodies of those who were killed were buried in ground which is now part of Grant Park, but the exact spot of their interment is unknown. The Indians had been encamped quite near the fort, a little to the north of the site on which the immense premises of Marshall Field & Company now stand. On the day following the massacre the Indians set fire to the fort, and it was entirely destroyed.

It was rebuilt in 1816, and continued to be used as an army post until 1837, when the fort was abandoned, but remained standing until 1857. A large portion of the site disappeared in the widening of the Chicago river, and the remainder gave way to the march of progress. At the period mentioned the margin of Lake Michigan, from which large tracts of land have since been reclaimed, was within a hundred or two hundred feet of the fort. A monument now stands on the site of the massacre. It is difficult to realise that less than a hundred years ago what is now the great Michigan Avenue, fronting Lake Shore, was an Indian trail, over which trooped painted savages. It was on this trail that the ambushed Indians attacked and massacred the little band of men and women on that fatal August morning in 1812. Up to 1834 wolves were plentiful in Chicago, and even later one was killed in Dearborn Street. An interesting relic of Fort Dearborn is the Waubensee Stone—a granite boulder over six feet in height and three feet square. This stone is one of the few authentic relics of the early military post. It bears a rudely carved portrait of the Indian chief Waubensee, who in the earliest days of the fort proved himself a friend of the white man. More than a century ago the stone lay inside the Dearborn stockade, and from its top in 1837 the celebrated orator, Daniel Webster, delivered a speech. About the time of the Civil War the stone was removed to the house of Mr Isaac Arnold, Lincoln Park Boulevard, where it now reposes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.

THE appalling Chicago fire, which is well within the memory of the older generation of Arbroathians, took place in 1871. Some of the outstanding facts in regard to this unparalleled conflagration may be repeated here. At the time of the fire Chicago had an approximate population of 300,000. The weather for fully six weeks preceding the outbreak had been very hot and dry. The fire originated in a small frame building on a Sunday night in October, when the wind was blowing a gale. A lamp had been overturned by an unruly cow belonging to a Mrs O'Leary, and some inflammable material in the building was immediately ignited. The flames spread with such rapidity that within six hours a line of about three miles, with unburned spaces between, was covered by the conflagration. The fire advanced in different columns, and from the outset the Fire Brigade were unable to cope with the enemy, several of the fire engines being consumed by the flames. The conflagration continued for three days before it had spent itself, and about 150 people were burned to death, while as many more perished from injuries and exposure. The district devastated by the fire was mostly in the vicinity of Lake Michigan—from Taylor Street on the south and Jefferson Street on the west eastward toward the lake, thence along the south and north branches of the Chicago river, and onward to the region of Lincoln Park, comprising an area of 2100 acres, in which

2500 stores and factories were destroyed. Of the population about 100,000 were rendered homeless. The total direct loss amounted to 200,000,000 dollars, while the indirect loss from the shrinkage in real estate values, interruption to business, and the increased cost of living was incalculable. The United States responded nobly to an appeal on behalf of Chicago, and within a short time 4,200,000 dollars had been subscribed in cash, while provisions and clothing amounting to many million dollars were forwarded. It was thought that Chicago would never rally from the blow, but the undaunted courage and belief of her inhabitants in the future greatness of the city remained, and a new and more substantial Chicago arose upon the ruins. The city developed with increasing rapidity, and a finer class of buildings than would have been erected for many years soon appeared on the scene of the great fire.

I may be permitted to mention a point of local interest in connection with the conflagration. Mr John Clark, an Arbroathian, who had a large foundry business in the neighbourhood of the Chicago river, visited his native town about a year before the outbreak of the fire. He had been a valued friend of my father previous to his emigration to America, and the immediate purpose of his visit to Arbroath was to hasten the sale of a property which had been for many years in the hands of the lawyers, and was eating its head off. The property belonged to the heirs of Mr John Melville, a relative of my father by marriage, to whom he had lent a considerable sum of money previous to his departure for America. Mr Clark had also an interest in the property, and he stayed in Arbroath until it was sold—a period of eight months, when my father was repaid the money he had lent to his friend. Mr Clark, who had only shortly returned to America when the Chicago fire occurred, perished in the conflagration. He was last seen crossing one of the bridges of the Chicago river on the way to his foundry, which was in flames, in order to release a valuable horse stabled at the

works. His son, Mr Robert Clark, who was a partner in business with his father, subsequently twice visited Arbroath, and was frequently on the Dishland bowling green. He was a man of considerable culture and of genial disposition. On the occasion of his first visit he was entertained to dinner by a number of friends in the then George Hotel, and in an eloquent address he gave many interesting reminiscences of his native town and made impressive references to the glories of the old Abbey. During his second visit to Arbroath he entertained a large number of relatives and friends to a sumptuous dinner in the White Hart Hotel. He contributed a number of articles to the "Arbroath Guide" newspaper on the famous Yellowstone Park in America, and afterwards published a small volume descriptive of various towns in Forfarshire. Mr John Raffan, another partner of the firm, who was also an Arbroathian, subsequently paid a visit to his native town, and was known to many "Red Lichties" during his stay here. Both Mr Raffan and Mr Robert Clark died in Chicago some years ago.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

It is well known that America is the home of colossal industries. The genius of the people of the United States for organisation has resulted in certain aggregations of men, machinery, and capital which are among the wonders of the twentieth century. Conspicuous among these is the vast meat industry, which in the range of its operations involves the employment of hundreds of thousands of workers and the turning over of dollars that must be reckoned by thousands of millions.

The Union Stockyards of Chicago were opened in 1865. They are situated near the M'Kinley Park, and are best reached by the south side elevated railway, changing at the Indiana Avenue station for the stockyards branch. The visitor may then get off at the Morris, Swift, or Armour Company stations. The premises of these Companies are in close proximity to each other, and the total number of persons employed, including those of the firm of Libby & M'Neill, is about 100,000. The district known as Packingtown lies immediately at the back of the stockyards. The pens are laid out in blocks, with streets and alleys, and the whole area is paved with red brick, which enables both pens and streets to be maintained in a sanitary condition. The visitor usually enters this enormous industrial emporium, covering several miles of space, from Exchange Avenue. Chicago is the principal live stock and meat packing centre of the United

States. Nearly all of the forty meat packing plants in the city are located in the vicinity of the stockyards, including the great business concerns whose names are known all over the world. These are under the immediate supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture. The live stock shipped to Chicago is consigned to a commission merchant, who offers the consignments for sale to the highest bidder. The various packers, local slaughterers, and exporters are represented by 250 buyers. All buying must be finished each day by three o'clock in the afternoon, and payment is made in cash. One million dollars change hands in Chicago every working day of the year for live stock alone. In recent years the amount of business done has averaged 8,000,000 hogs, 2,650,000 cattle, 500,000 calves, and 6,000,000 sheep. The live stock annually sold at the yards is valued at 370,000,000 dollars. The cost of labour in preparing the live stock for sale is estimated at 90,000,000 dollars. The amount of stock utilised in Chicago alone is computed at 300,000,000 dollars. The abattoirs have the advantage of being located in the greatest live stock market in the world, and through the use of modern mechanical appliances and the scientific utilisation of all waste materials there has been developed a volume of business unequalled in any country. Among the by-products manufactured in the meat packing plants are laundry and toilet soap, glue and gelatine, sandpaper and isinglass, lubricating and lighting oils, bones, knife handles, buttons, fertilisers, casings, wool, hides and pelts, tallow and stearine, ammonia, pepsin, glycerine, stock foods, feather pillows, and bristles. In many other directions an enormous trade is enjoyed through the same agency. The recently erected buildings are of steel and concrete construction, lined throughout with white enamelled brick. From a sanitary and hygienic point of view the buildings are of the best type of their kind. The necessity for scrupulous cleanliness is impressed upon the immense army of employés by a gratuitous

system of manicure service, and the Government inspectors can be seen carrying out the regulations of Congress with regard to food products.

No visitor to Chicago should miss the opportunity of seeing the stockyards, which are quite properly considered among the greatest and most interesting features of the industrial life of the city. My brother and I wended our way thither one morning, and spent the best part of the day inspecting the immense premises of the Swift Company. Our attention was first directed to the abattoirs, where the processes of killing and dressing can be observed from overhead galleries. The cattle, after inspection, are driven in scores along runways to the dressing floor. The man of "blood and iron"—a fine looking, gigantic fellow—stands on a platform close to the pens and dispatches the bullocks, one by one, with a blow on the head from his sledge-hammer. The animal falls on the floor of the pen, part of which opens automatically, and the carcase slides through the aperture on to the paved way, where shackles are attached to the hind legs, and the beast is hoisted on to the rail of an overhead tramway. When the system is in full operation the visitor sees a line of bullocks extending almost the whole length of the abattoir and a corresponding number of men—a man for each beast. It is a remarkable spectacle—a regiment of slain bullocks and a regiment of men. The man at the head of the line severs the principal arteries in the neck while the animal is in an insensible condition. The carcase is then carried forward by the overhead trolley, which is propelled by electricity and never stops. The dressing operations follow in quick succession. By the time the first operator has done his allotted portion the carcase has reached the next man, who begins where the other finished. In this way the work is continued down the line until the skinning, disembowelling, dressing, and cleaning of the animal is completed, and the finished article is then removed to another department, to be afterwards cut up into pieces and prepared

for food, or consigned to the butcher. It will be readily understood that there must be no delay on the part of each operator in accomplishing the work assigned to him. If he leaves anything undone, the next man has no time to do it for him, because he can only overtake his own work, and the result would be a breakdown. In the course of further observation I noticed two Jewish rabbis busily at work in the abattoir. Knocking the bullock on the head does not pass muster with the Jew. Unless the beast is properly bled it is considered unfit for food. Only the rabbi can handle the cattle so far as the killing is concerned. The Jew does not care who does the cleaning. When the beast is to be slaughtered it is shackled, and the head and neck are allowed to rest upon the floor. By a twist of the head the neck is exposed. The rabbi is furnished with a special knife, with which he cuts the throat of the bullock, and the flesh, prepared according to the Jewish creed, is called kosher meat.

During these various processes the meat has been subjected to careful scrutiny by a Government inspector, and any suspected animal is wheeled away and locked up in what is known as the retaining room, the keys of which never pass out of the hands of the Government officials. In this room the beast undergoes a final and more thorough inspection, and upon condemnation it is removed and completely destroyed. It may be stated that only from 56 to 58 per cent. of the animal, as purchased on the hoof, is available for the table. In the early days of the meat industry the rest was regarded as useless and allowed to go to waste. But to-day there is practically no part of the animal that is not turned to some useful account. The hides are carefully stripped, salted, and stored, and finally sold to the tanners. The various fats are worked up into tallow, and the finer qualities, known as butter fats, are used in the manufacture of oleomargarine or butterine. The beef suet is converted into stearine, which is used in large quantities by the tanners and the candle manu-

facturers. Horns and hoofs, which were at one time thrown away, now find a ready market. The bones are worked up into glue and phosphate. The workmen are required to keep their clothes as clean as the conditions of their work will permit, and those who handle the meat must wash their hands at stated intervals.

In dealing with the sheep, decoys are used. A ram or goat walks into the pen first, and the sheep soon follow. Once the sheep are into the pen the ram quickly makes its way out. Without the decoy there would be much trouble in penning. The sheep are disposed of by the cutting of the throat, and the dressing is accomplished in the same manner as in the case of the bullocks. Seven thousand sheep are killed here daily, and from the skins about ten tons of wool are gathered. The lean meat trimmings pass through a process of preparation from which they emerge as good sausages.

The killing of the hogs is almost comical, if it were not such a gory operation. They are driven into a pen, on one side of which revolves a large hoisting wheel, with short lengths of chain attached by means of hooks to its outer rim. In the pen are two men, who quickly loop the chain around the hind legs of the hog. As the wheel revolves the animals are lifted one by one out of the pen on to the disc, where several may be seen simultaneously, suspended by the hooks, with their heads hanging downwards. They squeal horribly. An operator stands at the farther side of the wheel. He has an instrument in his hand, and when the hog arrives in front of him he deftly pierces its throat as it passes, and the beast, squealing more unconscionably than ever, is transferred from the disc by an ingenious triumph of mechanism to a travelling trolley, by which it is moved along, still squealing, in reversed position, and finally glides out of sight and out of hearing. With the aid of the machinery described, the man at the iron disc can kill a

thousand hogs in an hour. Subsequently, the porker is released into a vat of scalding water, the effect of which is to loosen the hair and scurf and clean the skin. After various other processes of preparation, the animal is ready for cutting up, and this is done by an army of skilled workers, each of whom, as the hogs, travelling at the rate of about thirty feet a minute in a continuous procession, pass down the overhead rail, performs his particular part of the operation with marvellous speed and dexterity. The animal, split into two, ultimately reaches the hanging floor, and then the chill room. The bacon pieces are afterwards put through rolls and flattened out into a suitable shape for salting and packing. In the process of curing, the meat is simply rubbed thoroughly with a mixture of dry salt, sugar, and saltpetre. The cured meat is further treated by smoking. It is hung on racks and wheeled into smoke-houses. These are large square shafts, several storeys in height, provided with grid-iron floors to permit of the free circulation of the smoke. At the base of the houses slow wood fires of hickory or maple are kept steadily burning for a period of thirty-six hours. The smoking of the meat serves the double purpose of improving the flavour and acting upon it with a strongly antiseptic or preservative effect, the creosote of the smoke being a powerful bactericidal agent. The smoke not only penetrates the substance of the meat but forms an outer envelope which is an effective factor in its preservation. In order to make sure of the thorough impregnation of the ham by the curing pickle, a certain amount is forced into the meat at the bone by means of a hollow needle, through which the liquid is driven by a hand pump. We were shown the process of ham smoking in all its phases, and were much interested. Various degrees of temperatures are required in different departments, and in the course of our perambulations we were sometimes in a melting condition owing to the heated atmosphere, and anon we were at the freezing point. The

Company has its own salt and coal mines, and it builds its own freight and refrigerating cars. Two model refrigerators, with dressed sheep inside, representing the manner in which preserved mutton is transported on the railways, were pointed out to us.

Oleomargarine butter is another important industry in this establishment. It is said to contain every element that is found in the best creamery butter, with the single exception of the colouring matter. In these days of the great war, when the prices of most goods, including butter, are so high that some of them are getting beyond the reach of the average purse, it may be a question for the housekeeper whether this oleomargarine, the cost of which is only about half that of ordinary butter, should not be tried from an economical point of view, if it is found to be as palatable as butter. We sampled it at the stockyards—no doubt under the best conditions—free of charge, and served by a pleasant looking young lady, along with some nice biscuits and a glass of milk, and our verdict was wholly satisfactory. We failed to detect any fault. But I daresay neither my brother nor myself profess to be connoisseurs in butter, and we can leave the matter at that. There were men and women of almost every European nationality engaged in the packing of the oleomargarine for transit all over the world.

Six different guides were conducting parties over the stockyards while we were there. There is a staff of doctors and a trained nurse for dealing with the sick or with accident cases, of which occasionally there are as many as a hundred in a day. Swift & Company alone employ over 35,000 employés. Their total sales for 1913 exceeded 400,000,000 dollars. The Company a good many years ago started an insurance association for the benefit of their employés. The popularity of the association is apparent from the fact that of the 35,000 employés 27,000 are enrolled as members. Weekly benefits are paid during sickness and periods of incapacity caused by

accidents. The Company recognise the importance of cleanliness and health, and there are experts who make a scientific study of factory conditions. The whole of the employés are subject to medical examination. A laundry is maintained, and dressing-rooms are provided. There is also a continuation school, where arithmetic, spelling, and various languages are taught in classes held daily.

After inspecting some of the retail departments, where there were piles of cured hams, shoulders of mutton, joints of roast beef, meat pies of various descriptions, cooked sausages, condiments, and many other forms of delectable table delicacies, we lunched with our courteous guide, Mr George M. Whyte, of the Swift Company—who had devoted himself to our exclusive benefit—in one of the spacious dining halls belonging to the Company, each capable of accommodating between two and three thousand employés or visitors. We then took our departure, time not permitting us to visit the packing houses and other great establishments connected with the stockyards.

CHAPTER XV.

A GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

THERE was a gathering of the clans—my relatives and friends—in the house of Mr John Bates, Grand Avenue, Chicago. Mr Bates is a native of Arbroath, and is married to a cousin of mine, a daughter of the late Mr James Mason, shoemaker, who lived many years in Friockheim, near Arbroath. Mr Mason emigrated to America about thirty years ago. His business premises in Friockheim were the rendezvous of all the oratorical gladiators in the village, and the place came to be known as the “Lilliputian Parliament.” The affairs of the village were discussed there with an intellectual acumen which would have done credit to the eloquence displayed in much higher assemblies. Politics, education, religion, social problems, every debatable question of the day, came under the review of these born rhetoricians, and the rafters reverberated with the din of impassioned declamation. These mighty men of Friockheim have gone the way of all the earth, and so has Mr Mason. He was a humorist of no ordinary description. Many a pawky story he told, never exceeding the bounds of propriety, and always evoking the hearty laughter of his auditory. He was, moreover, a shrewd, pertinent speaker. He was a member of Kirkden Parochial Board in those days—a body which was then presided over by the late Mr J. C. Brodie of Idvies—and if the management of parochial affairs was not always satisfactory from Mr Mason’s point of view he

expressed his opinion fearlessly and with much native fervour. He took a warm interest in the welfare of Friockheim, and lifted up his voice frequently at the public meetings of the village, where he was known as a just and estimable man. It is only because Mr Mason subsequently removed from Friockheim to the larger business field of Chicago, with which I have been dealing in these notes, that I have ventured to pay this passing tribute to his memory. His son-in-law, Mr Bates, is exceedingly popular among the Arbroathians of Chicago, and his home in Grand Avenue is a favourite resort.

The gathering to which I have alluded occasioned a general exodus from Fernwood. There could not have been many of the inhabitants left, because the suburb was deserted by all my blood relations. Our destination was the residence of Mr and Mrs Bates, and the time occupied on the journey thither by electric car was about an hour and a half. Soon after our arrival other visitors were announced, and in due time the rooms were thronged. I was introduced not only to relatives whom I had never seen but of whose existence, in some cases, I had been totally ignorant. It was a time of profound interest to myself, and its ensemble is engraven upon my heart. Among the guests were the family physician, Dr M'Intyre, and the local chemist, Mr Eisendrath, both of whom I found to be socially attractive and interesting in conversation. Dr M'Intyre is a man of fine presence. He reminded me very much of the late George Gilfillan, the eminent Dundee divine. He is familiar with Canada, and on learning that I intended to return to Scotland by the Canadian route he was able to give me some useful hints in connection with my tour. Before the company dispersed the gentlemen were conducted to a vacant room, where several toasts were pledged. In response to the toast of my own health, I descanted, after the manner of our local dignitaries, on the town and trade of Arbroath, not forgetting

the laudable efforts of the Town Improvement Association to enhance the amenity of the burgh and convert it into a pleasant holiday resort. I also touched upon the work of the Crown in the preservation of the Abbey ruins, and mentioned some of the concealed architectural beauties of the venerable pile which had recently been brought to light.

I cannot pass from this occasion without expressing my sense of the hospitality of Mr and Mrs Bates and the courtesy shown by the members of their family. One cannot be long in the company of Mr Bates without recognising his fine traits of character, his clear mental perception, and his wide range of general knowledge .

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREST HOME CEMETERY.

A FEW days later I visited the Forest Home Cemetery, about ten miles west from the centre of Chicago, where lie the mortal remains of my uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs James Mason. I reverently placed some flowers upon their grave, and took note of the massive granite monument, with its suitable inscription, which had been erected to their memory. The immediate surroundings of their last resting-place seemed in fine accord with what would have been the wish of the deceased. I was conducted to the graves of other relatives in this cemetery and also of friends whom I had known in Arbroath many years ago. I was struck by the wealth of monumental tributes to the dead. Photographs of departed friends appear to be a popular form of gravestone adornment in the American cemeteries, but this is probably more a matter of sentiment than of aesthetics. The surviving relatives are vividly reminded of the features of their loved ones when they see upon the tombstone the reflected incarnation of the spirit which has fled. The photographs are prepared and embedded in the stone in a manner which enables them to withstand the assaults of the weather and the ravages of time. The Forest Home Cemetery is an extensive place, with much floral beauty, an abundance of green sward, and is thickly populated with trees. The latter is a characteristic of burial grounds in Chicago. Those that came under my observation were bountifully wooded, and perhaps one reason for that may be found in the

grateful shade which is afforded by the trees from the rays of a burning sun. Some interments took place while I was in the cemetery. The funerals are attended by both men and women. The casket is consigned to the dust in an outer casing of wood, the quality of which doubtless depends to some extent on the social position of the occupant. That is not greatly dissimilar to what obtains in our own country. What is called the Waldheim Cemetery is only a short distance from that of Forest Home, and is largely a German burial ground, Waldheim being the German translation of Forest Home. Here were buried the anarchists who figured in the famous Haymarket riots in Chicago on 4th May 1886. The riots occurred at Haymarket Square, where the truck gardeners bring their garden produce and dispose of it to the grocery and restaurant establishments. The scene here in the early hours of the morning is of the most animated description. For weeks previous to the Haymarket riots the anarchists had been experimenting with dynamite, but although about a hundred bombs had been prepared only one was thrown. Thirty policemen and many anarchists died from the effects of the poisoned missile. Within a few days all the participants in the riots were caught. Some of them were hanged, and others were imprisoned. The night before the execution, Parsons, one of the anarchist leaders, who was a fine tenor singer, astonished the jailers and prisoners by his pathetic rendering of "Annie Laurie." The bodies were cut down by their relatives after the execution and buried in Waldheim Cemetery, where ground was purchased for the purpose. The spot is still regarded as a shrine of honour by the anarchists throughout the world.



HON. CARTER H. HARRISON.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHICAGO CITY COUNCIL.

MR WILLIAM H. CRUDEN, a near neighbour of my brother in Fernwood, is personally interested in the political barometer of the United States, having held office for four years under the administration of Governor Charles S. Deneen as chief inspector of private employment agencies in the State of Illinois. Mr Cruden, who is a Scotsman, was born in Aberdeenshire, and is a well informed man, a fluent speaker, and a loyal and helpful friend. In 1909 he was appointed a member of the National Conference of Criminal Law and Criminology by the North-Western University School of Law, and in 1910 he was selected as a delegate to the International and American Prison Congress at Washington, where he advocated closer supervision of all persons released from prison, assuring humane treatment for all such by paid State agents, with a view to reducing the number of delinquents.

Through the courtesy of this gentleman I was introduced to Alderman James Rea, a member of the City Council of Chicago, who in turn introduced me in the presence of that august assembly to the Mayor, the Hon. Carter H. Harrison. The Mayor gave me a cordial reception, and expressed the hope that there would be no "scene" that evening in connection with the debates of the Council. Mayor Harrison's father, who was Mayor of Chicago during five terms of two years each, was assassinated on 28th October, 1893. He was popular with the people, and his name was known throughout the civilised

world. In 1887 he made a tour round the globe, an account of which he published in a book entitled "A Race with the Sun." The Harrison family is an old and honoured one in American political life, extending back to William H. Harrison, who was born in 1773, and was the ninth President of the United States, having been elected to that high office in 1840. His grandson, Benjamin Harrison, elected in 1888, was the twenty-third President of the American Republic.

I received, after my introduction, a written permit from Mayor Carter Harrison to occupy the chair of Alderman Fischer, of the thirty-second ward, who was absent. I was conducted thither by Alderman Rea, and was thus associated with the Council during the evening. Alderman Rea, who was serving his third term, is a native of Tyrone, Ireland, and is of Scotch extraction. A Republican in politics, he is identified with many fraternal societies, and is Treasurer of the Federal Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

The ground which was reserved as a site for the city and county buildings when Chicago was first planned is bounded by Clark, Randolph, La Salle, and Washington Streets. These imposing buildings are located in the down-town part of the city, not far from the lake front, and they form what is unquestionably the finest municipal and county edifice in America. The total cost of the conjoined buildings, with their furnishings, was approximately 10,000,000 dollars. The entire structure contains 24,000,000 cubic feet of space, 44,000,000 lbs. of steel, and 60,000,000 lbs. of granite. The foundations consist of 254 caissons of concrete, extending to bed rock 115 feet below the street level. The dimensions measure 314 by 370 feet, rising 205 feet above the street level. The style of architecture is modern classic, of the Corinthian order. Carved allegorical figures, representing Justice, Law, Labour on Land, and Labour on Sea, are placed over the Clark Street and La Salle Street entrances of the buildings. Passing into the interior from Clark



ALDERMAN JAMES REA.

Street, one cannot fail to note the magnificent vestibule in marble and bronze, with carved ornamental glass ceiling, beyond which is the main corridor, and on either side the elevators, enclosed in figured bronze work, in the style of Italian renaissance. The more important city departments, bureaus, and offices are to be found on the first, second, and third floors, and provision is made for other departments up to the eleventh floor, including rooms for the Mayor and a host of officials, together with Committee rooms and Court rooms. Similar provision is made in the county building for the various departments connected with the work of the county.

Each member of the Council is accommodated with an ample writing table containing a series of drawers for the storage of Council literature and writing material. I felt very comfortable in my swivel arm-chair. The swivel is a great convenience. It enables the occupant to turn round without trouble and talk with his fellow-Councillors on the right or left or immediately behind him, and I observed that much *sotto voce* conversation was carried on during the sederunt. I was supplied with quite a volume of literature dealing with the work of the Council for the evening. The Council numbers seventy members, composed of men of many nationalities. It may be mentioned that the Aldermen smoke their cigars while the business is proceeding, and the same privilege is extended to the auditory. Needless to say, it is a liberty of which full advantage is taken. The ventilation is as perfect as architectural science can make it, and no inconvenience resulted from the puff of cigar or pipe. This satisfactory state of matters is no doubt helped by the lofty ceiling and the vastness of the chamber, which was splendidly illuminated by the electric light, distributed in handsome chandeliers suspended from the ceiling. The auditory or general public are accommodated in galleries, for which space has been reserved along the whole length of the hall,

behind the members of the Council. These galleries are divided in sections, very much resembling extensive boxes in a theatre, and seem exceedingly comfortable. The fact that the occupants are permitted to enjoy the fragrant weed must add greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. The Mayor occupied a raised platform or bench, in the form of a semi-circle, on the opposite side of the hall, and faced the Council and the auditory. Over the bench is an elaborately carved canopy—a prominent feature of the Council room. The Mayor has a private secretary seated near him. The City Clerk and other officials, along with the pressmen, are accommodated immediately in front of the Mayor, and have the best seats in the hall for hearing the speakers. The walls of the room are lined with the finest English walnut in panels, relieved with pilasters and carved capitals. Over these are placed costly paintings in oils. The ceiling is richly adorned with inlaid wood in various colours.

On the occasion of my visit to the Council an interesting discussion took place with regard to the sale of exciseable liquors on the pleasure boats on Lake Michigan. A proposal was made to withdraw the licence. The Council did not agree to this, but the matter was remitted to a committee. If any member desires to take part in a discussion he holds up his hand in order to catch the eye of the Mayor. I was struck with the excellence of the acoustics. Keeping in mind that the dimensions of the room are so large that one would require an opera glass in order to distinguish a member of the Council at the farther end, speakers cannot afford to talk in a conversational style, but some of the Aldermen possessed stentorian voices and were easily heard in any corner of the building. Sometimes, however, when a member not so richly gifted is speaking the cry of "Louder" is raised. I was reminded by these interruptions of a good story which is told of Daniel Webster, the noted American orator. Webster was on one occasion addressing

a crowded meeting in Kentucky when he was interrupted by a man who shouted "Louder." At first he took no notice of the interruption, but when it was repeated Webster, after a pause, quietly remarked—"At the last great day, when the kindreds and nations and tribes are gathered before the great white Throne, and the recording angel sounds the last trumpet, some damned fool from Kentucky will shout 'Louder.'" When an Alderman becomes prosy in speech the impatience of the Council is manifested by a combination of peculiar sounds, produced by the manipulation of the Council literature, and if this is not sufficient to make the offender give way the Mayor intervenes. The printed minutes of the Council meetings are bound in volumes at the end of each year. Some of these were lying near me, and I noticed that the volume for 1913 extended to 4439 pages, each page being divided in Biblical style into two columns and printed in small type.

A protracted discussion took place with regard to an important public improvement connected with Michigan Avenue, one of the great street arteries of Chicago. Eventually, the Council divided with a "Yea" or "Nay." In this division the "Nays" had it, but the effect of the vote I am unable to explain, nor would it be of much interest to the ratepayers of Arbroath. I observed from the minute of a former meeting that the great question of city transportation had been brought before the Council in the form of a message from the Mayor, who adumbrated a plan for the construction of a comprehensive subway system with a view to giving Chicago the conveniences enjoyed by other metropolitan cities. The Mayor in his message pointed out that he had always maintained that the ideal system of transportation for Chicago in view of existing conditions, namely, the occupation of the transportation field by the surface and elevated lines and the millions of dollars invested in the securities of the various companies, would be found in a consolidation and unification

of all the intramural facilities of the city, the construction of down-town subways for both surface and elevated lines, the elimination of the Union Loop by the substitution of subways in its stead, an exchange of transfers between all lines, the gradual extension of the subways ultimately to cover the entire Chicago field, the subways and elevated lines to be used for rapid transit and express service, and the surface lines to be utilised as feeders to the rapid transit system and for short haul business.

I have already referred to the present Loop system and the elevated railways which run through the great thoroughfares of Chicago, and I may leave my readers to draw their own conclusions as to the value of Mayor Harrison's proposal. It seems that a similar proposal was brought before the Council in 1913, and that when an appeal was made to the citizens of Chicago an adverse vote was recorded. But Mayor Harrison pointed out in his renewed appeal in 1914 that the stumbling block was in large measure due to the demand of the elevated railway interests for the recognition of an excessive capitalisation and a guarantee of 7 per cent. upon their stock, and that he had now suggested a compromise which would give a unified service, a single fare, an exchange of transfers between the surface and elevated lines, the removal of the Loop structure, and the relief of down-town congestion by the construction of a central subway.

The proceedings of the Council on the occasion of my visit lasted from half-past seven to ten o'clock, and before the meeting closed I had been introduced to nearly one half of the members.

I was afterwards introduced by Mr Cruden to two of the Judges of the Law Courts, one of whom kindly offered me a seat beside him on the Bench if I had time during my stay to look into Court and listen to a case. I thanked him for his courtesy, and told him that I should be pleased to avail myself of the privilege, but I am sorry to add that the

opportunity never presented itself. My holiday programme had become so crowded that I found it impossible to again get near the purlieus of the Law Courts, and thus I lost what would probably have been an interesting personal experience. Not that I have never been on the Bench. As it happens, my professional work has brought me into that prominent position times without number, but it would doubtless have been of some value to myself to have noticed how Court business is managed "over the way." The only matter for congratulation, perhaps, is that I was saved the necessity of making a speech, because I had previously discovered that a public introduction of the foreigner is never missed, and I am afraid that I should not have felt altogether comfortable had I been called upon to give a display of Arbroath eloquence in the midst of the distinguished forensic ability which dwells in this great centre of America.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHICAGO BOARD OF EDUCATION.

HAVING endeavoured to describe some of the characteristics of the Chicago City Council as well as to outline certain public schemes which were engaging the attention of that important municipal body when I was in America, a brief account of the work of the Board of Education may not be without interest to educationists in Arbroath.

The public school system of Chicago consists of graded, high, and evening schools. Special instruction is given in manual training at several of the high schools. To the work of one of these, the Lane Technical High School, I have already referred. The entire school system is under the control of the Board of Education, whose headquarters are in the Tribune building, located at South Dearborn and West Madison Streets. The Board, numbering twenty-one members, included three ladies. All children under fourteen years of age are compelled to attend school. The annual expenditure for the maintenance of the Chicago school system is considerably over eight million dollars. Special classes are maintained for the teaching of deaf and blind children and subnormal pupils. Vacation schools are opened for six weeks during the summer for the benefit of children in the congested divisions of the city. A plan for the creation of social centres was started some years ago. These are opened two evenings each week until the middle

of April, and are attended chiefly by young persons who are employed during the day in stores, shops, and factories.

From a report by the president of the Board it appeared that considerable progress had of late years been made in placing the Teachers' Pension Fund on a more secure and permanent basis. Through the enactment of more liberal pension laws the way had been opened for increasing the fund set apart for this purpose to a sum more nearly commensurate with the needs of the school system. This legislation renders it permissible for the public to provide more liberally for those who have given the most efficient period of their lives to the service of the schools. The standard of public service rises in the scale of values with the growing assurance that old age will be free from dependence or want. It is now in the power of the Board of Education to augment the pension fund by an addition which "shall equal in amount the aggregate of the sums set apart for that year and contributed to such pension fund from the salaries of the teachers in the employment of the Board," and a further arrangement has been made under which the Board shall have power annually to set aside an additional sum of public money which, "when taken together with the moneys added to such pension fund for that year from interest on school funds raised by taxation, shall equal in amount double the aggregate of the sums set apart for that year and contributed to such pension fund from the salaries of the teachers."

The members of the Board of Education are, I understand, elected by the Mayor—a method which has evoked considerable difference of opinion in the city, but whatever action may be taken in that connection no one will probably regret the arrangement that has made possible the enlargement and permanence of the pension fund. There has been a tendency in recent years to widen the scope of public school instruction and to crowd into the course of study

many special subjects which demand a large part of the time allotted for school-room work. The danger, however, of drifting too far from the line of work that has proved its value in the life of the pupils is now being recognised, and it is an encouraging feature of the present time that the schools are being brought face to face with this problem and are modifying their work so as to make room again for the common branches of study. The total enrolment in the day elementary schools of Chicago for 1913 is given at 294,612, and the number of elementary teachers at about 6000.

In a report to the Board of Education, extending to some hundreds of pages, the lady superintendent says:—"Physical examinations of high school boys and girls afford abundant evidence that the present systems of physical training are as inadequate for the development of bodily poise, muscularity, and endurance as are the systems of mental training for the development of personal initiative, judgment, and moral stamina. Whether it is that the gymnasium fails to effect certain gains that would follow from exercise in the open air, or that the positions assumed in sitting daily at the school desk tend towards curvature of the spine and weakness generally in the trunk of the body, the fact is indisputable that a large proportion of the boys and girls are ill developed physically. In the elementary school the children acquire a step well regulated as to length and rhythm when they walk or march with companions, but when walking alone the step is singularly uneven. The irregularity of the individual step and the frequent change in poise of body in children under twelve years of age are merely results of the spontaneous movements of childhood freed from that suppression of self which is necessitated by movement in unison with others where group work is undertaken. From the free movements and carriage of early childhood, through the period of directed, systematised movements in the calisthenics of upper elementary and lower high school grades,

there should be a development of an easy, graceful carriage in sitting, standing, and walking. Under the present system only a limited few attain the age of twenty years with erect and supple spinal columns and a power of endurance that makes a vigorous walk of two or three miles a pleasure."

Again, the lady superintendent points out that the age of the burgh school pupil is generally regarded as the most impressionable of all ages. If the habits of childhood receive their impress in social life in large measure during the high school period, it is fair to assume that the general bearing of the great middle class in America is determined from decade to decade by the high schools. Experience presents a series of views in which both teachers and pupils in the high school have in a half century undergone changes as varied as those of the glass fragments in a revolving kaleidoscope. The language of the teachers ranges all the way from a dignified, classic style to the awkward, disjointed style of the half-grown youth in their classes, and as a result the pupils, instead of the teachers, are setting the models in speech and manners in many high schools. The shifting from classic English to half formed English, the swaying between the jargon of learning and the limitations of slang, are striking indications of the earnest endeavours of teachers to break down the wall separating them from their pupils. On the other hand, this does not bring the counsel that guides and steadies the young people entering into social life separate and aloof from that of their parents.

The need of one with experience to guide the young as they embark on the social sea, adds the lady superintendent, led to the appointment of a Dean of girls in each high school having a membership of boys and girls. Unexpectedly, the advice of the Dean was in some schools sought by both girls and boys. The quiet room, in which at certain hours conversation might be carried on without interruption and without arousing wonderment in classmates, afforded the

young person an opportunity to seek the counsel which could not be sought in the class-room. It also furnished opportunity for a strong character to point out conditions, ways, manners, and methods, desirable and objectionable, so effectively as to be invaluable to the listener. The independence of the American high school boys and girls was an outcome of method in school and in the home, but rudeness and vulgar assertiveness were not necessarily its corollaries.

Lately, a Bureau of vocational supervision was established in a number of the Chicago schools, and a special study has been made of the industrial opportunities open to boys and girls who are leaving school to go to work. As a result of this study, it is obvious that there is little prospect for the child who leaves school at fourteen, and that there is great need for continued education and training. With the information they now possess concerning the conditions of employment, the Bureau are prepared to interview children and parents and advise them with regard to the most suitable occupations and further educational courses. The aim of the Bureau is to encourage boys and girls to remain in school and continue their education after leaving the elementary school; to refrain from suggesting to the child the possibilities of going to work before it is absolutely necessary; to see that those children who cannot be persuaded to continue in school enter as far as possible the trades or occupations for which they seem best fitted; to suggest to those children who enter unskilled employment to attend evening schools and classes in order to qualify themselves to undertake other work of a more skilled nature; and to keep in touch with children who have been interviewed and advise them after they have been placed, whether again in school or at work. The vocational system seeks to guide the youth towards occupations which offer some prospect of continued advance in earning capacity and some hope of a career of usefulness and of satisfaction with life.

I attended a statutory meeting of the Board of Education one afternoon. The members smoked their cigars during the sitting, but the practice here differs from that established at the City Council in respect that the auditory are not permitted to enjoy the luxury of the cigar. The whole of the public schools in Chicago are superintended by a lady, who has a staff of assistant superintendents. Serious friction seemed to have arisen with regard to the position of the lady superintendent, and the meeting which I attended adjourned without transacting any business, as the number present did not constitute a quorum. There was evidently a strike among the members of the Board, and I understand that the Mayor had threatened to make a new election. In the opinion of many of the ratepayers the examination of the public schools is not conducted on satisfactory lines. Reports on the work of the schools are made by the lady superintendent and her assistants. The principal headmaster of each school also sends in a report to the Board, but no examinations are carried out on the same principle as that which obtains in our own schools in Scotland under Government inspectors. Certainly it has to be said, whatever criticism may be offered with regard to the system of school examination, that the variety and abundance of educational equipment, mental and physical, in the large cities of America are such as might well excite the envy of the people in the British Isles.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW PLAN OF CHICAGO.

THROUGH the goodness of Mr Charles H. Wacker, Chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission, I have received since my return to Arbroath some interesting special information with regard to the future Plan of Chicago, which I am permitted to publish. Mr Walter D. Moody, Managing Director of the Commission, has also kindly forwarded to me a number of photographs showing contrasting views of the great improvements adumbrated by Mr Wacker, but I think it is probably sufficient to reproduce, as I have done, the contemplated improvements without presenting the existing state of matters. Under the heading "A better Chicago for us all" Mr Wacker writes :—

"A world-wide movement of people towards cities is in progress. More than half the people of the United States now live in cities, and one-tenth of them live in three cities alone—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Chicago is growing at an astonishing rate, and that growth is forcing us to solve many new problems. Such problems include those of developing the city in an orderly and economic way; of curing and avoiding street congestion; of providing light and air in the streets and in the homes; of having more and larger parks; and of creating more attractive surroundings for the people as the city extends its borders. Unless we solve these problems Chicago cannot continue to grow, and her people cannot continue to be healthy, happy, and

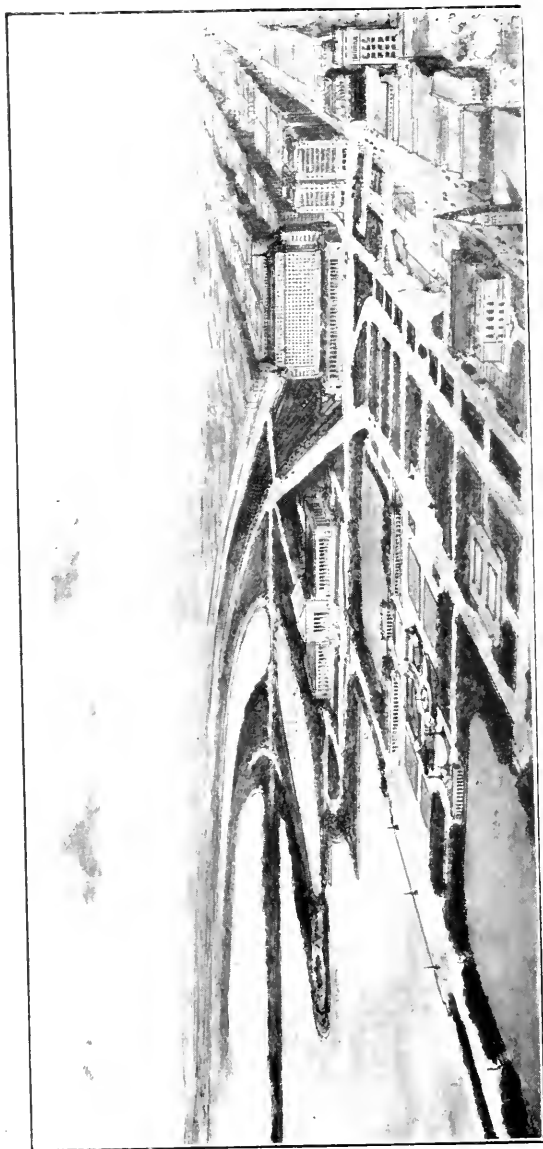


From the Collection of the Chicago Plan Commission.

A photograph of Michigan Avenue improvement, looking north from Washington Street.

prosperous. As the only means to avoid civic disaster due to haphazard growth, Chicago has entered upon the big constructive task of carrying out the Plan of Chicago. The idea for that Plan was born during the World's Fair of 1893. A group of leading business men, members of the Merchants' Club and of the Commercial Club of Chicago, in their desire to promote the best interests of the city for all time to come, felt that it would be of the utmost advantage to the inhabitants if some of the more practical and main essentials of the Exposition idea of grouping buildings and arranging streets could be embodied in a Plan for the entire city. The result of that desire by those practical, logical, common-sense business men is that the Plan of Chicago, which cost more than 200,000 dollars to complete, has been made a gift to the city by the Commercial Club. When the creation of the Plan of Chicago was proposed Mr Daniel Hudson Burnham was at once selected as the architect to be entrusted with that important work. Mr Burnham, who attained conspicuous success as Director of Works of the World's Fair, was acknowledged as the leading authority of his time on city planning. Eight years were consumed in arranging and working out the details of a Plan to make the future Chicago the best organised and most efficient great city in the world. The City Council in 1909 created the Chicago Plan Commission. The Commission has 328 members, representing every section and every element of Chicago's citizenship. The Mayor of Chicago is Honorary President, and one Alderman from each ward is an *ex officio* member of the Commission. Membership is held also by all important city, county, park, and school administrative heads. The Plan, with its two hundred miles of street improvements, its parks and playground sites, and its magnificent development of the shore of Lake Michigan, is fundamentally hygienic and humanitarian. It underlies practically all social progress. For proper housing a complete street and

transportation system is necessary. Light and air will be given to congested districts as the Plan is developed, and, in addition, the residents of these congested districts will be afforded quick and easy access to the public recreation facilities. The making of the Plan was the first important step towards better things. Then came its promotion, its popularisation with the people, for only by popular approval and support could the Plan be made effective. Negative elements among the citizenship of Chicago at first asserted that the Plan of Chicago was a 'rich man's scheme,' designed merely to beautify the city at public expense and to interlace Chicago with boulevards for the wealthy to ride upon in their automobiles. This assertion was quickly proved false, for the first work to which the Plan Commission devoted itself was that of widening Twelfth Street. The Twelfth Street improvement is certainly no rich man's venture. Its prime value will be in providing a commodious heavy-traffic thoroughfare into the heart of Chicago's great west side. Its primary social importance will be that it will open an adequate way for the huge population of the congested west side districts to go easily and quickly to the splendid Lake front recreation grounds. Financially, the effect of the new work will be to equalise and raise realty values all over a large district in a hitherto neglected part of the city. As the pioneer city planning work in Chicago, the widening of Twelfth Street has been delayed by numerous legal difficulties. Proceedings in condemnation of the land needed were begun in Court on 29th June 1915. The destruction and removal of buildings will follow, and the prospects are that the new Twelfth Street, 108 to 118 feet wide between Michigan and Ashland Avenues, instead of 66 feet as at present, will be a reality at no distant date. The next work taken up was the widening and extension of Michigan Avenue northward from Randolph Street to Chicago Avenue. Here is a project designed at once to produce an Avenue as imposing as any on earth and at the

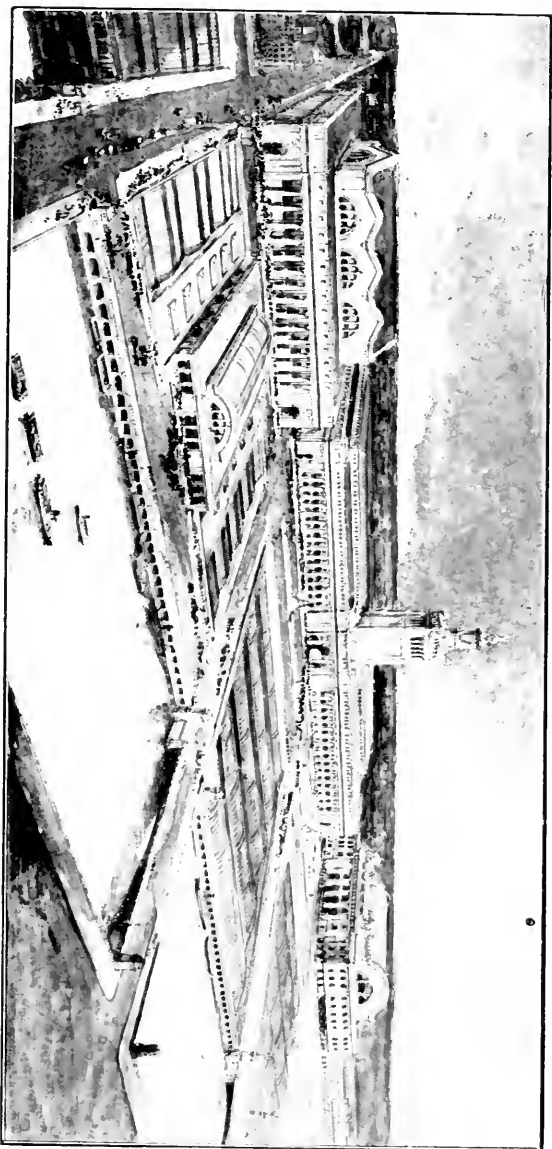


From the Collection of the Chicago Plan Commission.

This picture shows the projected gateway to the Lake-front Parks ; the contemplated Pleasure Pier at the foot of Sixteenth Street, extending one mile into Lake Michigan ; an Outer Island Park, between Grant and Jackson Parks, five miles long, embracing an area of 1550 acres ; a protected lagoon or watercourse for boating, with an eight-mile course for motor boat and yacht racing ; Inner Park, with new Field Museum, to cost 4,500,000 dollars, fronting on Grant Park at the foot of Twelfth Street and South Park Avenue ; new Illinois Central Depot, fronting on widened Twelfth Street ; and in the foreground, Grant Park and the Art Institute.

same time to solve traffic and congested problems in the heart of the city. The street is to be on two levels from Lake Street to Ohio Street, with heavy teaming on the lower level and light traffic on the upper one. All east and west traffic between the points mentioned will pass on the lower level. The Chicago river will be spanned by a very unique two-level bascule bridge. This remodelling of Michigan Avenue for nearly a mile, involving the destruction and removal of many business blocks and residences, has been definitely provided for. It is an eight million dollar project. Half the cost is to be borne by the city through a bond issue, and half by the property owners benefited. The city is now nearly ready to start a condemnation suit to secure the necessary land to be comprised in the improvement. The third huge improvement upon the programme of the promoters of the Plan of Chicago, and one which is certain of early realisation, is that of reclaiming 1500 acres of park lands along the shore of Lake Michigan between Grant and Jackson Parks. This five-mile stretch of south shore playground for the people has been unitedly supported by all factors in Chicago's forward movement. The park lands are to be constructed in shallow water, mainly from the city's refuse material, of which there is sufficient to fill in one hundred acres annually. As navigation interests are affected by the park and lagoon plan, the consent of the War Department is necessary before these parks can be developed. Various difficulties are being rapidly removed, and from all indications it will be only a comparatively short time before Chicago will have reclaimed her Lake front and converted it into beautiful parks for the use of her people. While straining its efforts to get these major works under way, the Chicago Plan Commission has been watchful of the future of the city in many other respects. Its officers and directors were among the guiding spirits in the adjustment of the plans for Chicago's new 65,000,000 dollar Union Terminal. They had in view the importance of widening Canal Street,

and from the negotiations came not only that result but also large and substantial financial concessions to Chicago. These not only make possible new bridge structures and easements for viaducts across railway property but also make possible the work by which Canal Street is to be made a hundred foot street from Twelfth Street to Washington Street and a two-level street from Lake Street to Orleans Street. A two-level bridge will be erected at Kinzie Street, thus giving the north side and west side a street connection without making it necessary to cross a network of railroad tracks so dangerous to traffic. Out of the terminal settlement ambitious plans have been evolved for the improvement of Canal Street. It is proposed to locate the new west side Post Office between the new Union Station (now actually under construction) and the present North-Western Railway Station. There is no good reason why this magnificent and fitting plan for grouping the terminals and Post Office should not be carried out. The present appropriation by the Government of money to buy a postal site is not nearly large enough to secure the two blocks desired. Citizens who have studied the question, however, declare that the time is at hand for Chicago, as the biggest producer of postal revenue in the nation, insistently to demand fair treatment in the matter of postal requirements. Chicago is the central clearing point for the mail of the entire nation, and it is vital to the whole country that ample postal facilities be provided here. Congress should be made to realise the importance nationally of giving Chicago adequate postal facilities, which can be done only by properly locating the new Chicago Post Office and by making appropriations large enough to take care of future needs. In this respect Chicago has been niggardly treated in the past, and should see to it that the same course is not pursued in the future. The site on Canal Street for the new Post Office building is the one recommended by the Chicago Plan Commission, and efforts are being made to induce the



From the Collection of the Chicago Plan Commission.

This is a representation of the Canal Street improvement, fronting on Canal Street and the Chicago River.

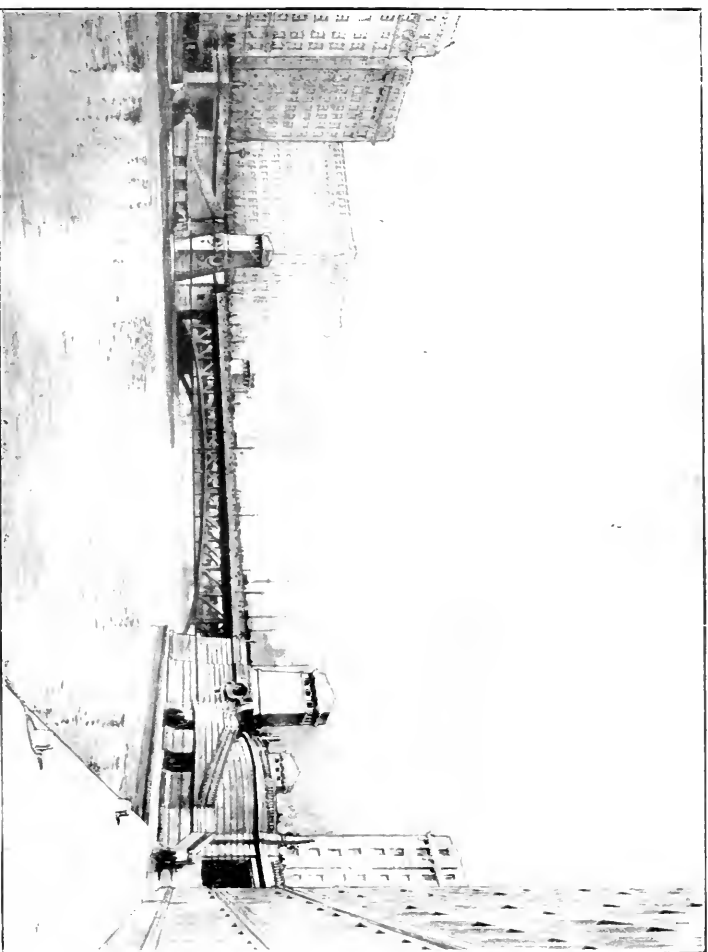
Reading from left to right are the 65,000,000 dollar Union Railway Station, now under construction, between Jackson Boulevard and Adams Street; the proposed site and type of building for the new United States Post Office, between Adams and Madison Streets; and the present 20,000,000 dollar Chicago and North-Western Terminal, fronting on Madison Street.

Government officially to select it for the new structure. To remodel Chicago, the fourth city of the world, is no light task, but for its accomplishment Chicago has a citizenship which has never shrunk from herculean labours for the public weal. The people of Chicago, awake and alive to their opportunities, are preparing for Chicago's destiny."

Mr Moody informs me that a text book on right citizenship and city planning has been adopted by the Chicago Board of Education, and says it is the first departure of any School Board in America so far from the traditional precedent as to admit such a study into the public schools. In this Manual of the Plan of Chicago, as it is styled, written by Mr Moody and dedicated to Mr Wacker, there are about 150 pictorial illustrations and diagrams of the architecture and planning of the principal cities of the world. Up to the year 1915 some 45,000 copies of the Manual had been studied by Chicago children. It is a most interesting work, containing hundreds of questions for school children which involve an amount of research calculated to familiarise them with important events in the history of the nations. In becoming the second city of the United States in population, Chicago has not until now, Mr Moody says, taken any account of unity, or of centralising its governmental activities. Township governments were established, and in each township a village came into being. Chicago grew toward these villages in all directions and finally absorbed them, but there was no planning for the creation of a centre. Instead of a great unified city there was a grouping together of numerous adjoining towns and villages which, by good fortune, were so laid out that for the most part their streets blended well with the street system of Chicago. In selecting a place for the civic centre it has been decided that the best site is at South Halsted and West Congress Streets, and it is there that the city will eventually have its seat of government. Experience has shown that in Chicago there is no danger of undertaking

too large or extensive plans for public buildings. The Federal building was outgrown by the city while it was in the process of construction. The County building, finished only a short time ago, is already proving too small. It is the same way with the new City Hall. Built with nearly three times the capacity of the old structure, it is already filled to its limit with the workers in the public service.

Forest preserves, great playgrounds outside of the city limits, and the construction of good roads in adjacent territory have been recommended by the Commissioners and approved by the inhabitants of Chicago. There is an understanding between the city authorities and the Commission that no major public works not included in the Plan of Chicago shall be initiated by the city without having first been referred to the Plan Commission.



From the Collection of the Chicago Plan Commission

The new Michigan Avenue Bascule Bridge, which is to replace the present structure at an approximate cost of 1,000,000 dollars. The present bridge is said to have 16 per cent. more traffic than London Bridge. The new structure will have an upper level for light traffic and a lower level for heavy traffic. It is the first example, so far as known, of a bascule type of bridge with two levels.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ILLINOIS STEEL COMPANY.

MR JAMES P. WALKER, assistant secretary of the Illinois Steel Company, to whom I was introduced by Mr Fyfe, is a nephew of the late Mr John Walker, manufacturer, Stanley Works, Arbroath, who lived at Hawthornbank. His father, who was a native of Arbroath, emigrated to Canada many years ago. Curiously enough, Mr Walker showed me a copy of a newspaper named the "Arbroath Herald," dated 1829, in which a paragraph appeared describing a fatal accident to his grandfather, Mr James Walker, while riding on horseback near Rossie, in the vicinity of Montrose. Something had startled the horse, which reared and fell over an embankment, with the result that Mr Walker was so seriously injured that he died a few minutes afterwards. The "Arbroath Herald" of 1829 was succeeded by the "Arbroath Guide." Through the courtesy of Mr James P. Walker, who was in Arbroath some years ago, I was enabled, along with my brother and Mr Fyfe, to visit the great Gary steel works—a subsidiary plant of the Illinois Steel Company, located at Gary City, in the State of Indiana, on the south shore of Lake Michigan, about twenty-five miles south-east of Chicago. In 1906 the Illinois Steel Company commenced the construction of the Gary steel plant, consisting of eight blast furnaces, fifty-six open hearth furnaces, rail, billet, plate, and bar steel mills, together with auxiliary premises, embracing machine, roll, electric repair, boiler, and blacksmith shops.

For the purpose of receiving iron ore, to be smelted in the blast furnaces, a harbour slip was constructed, 250 feet in width and 5000 feet long, having a depth of 22 feet, and affording draught and anchorage for the largest Lake steamers afloat. Vessels laden with 12,000 tons of ore enter this slip and are unloaded by electrically-operated ore-handling machinery at the rate of 1250 tons per hour. Running parallel to the harbour and in line with the blast furnaces is a storage yard, with a capacity of about four million tons, into which the ore is deposited. From this yard the ore is removed by means of moveable bridges and hoists and put into bins, and from these it is delivered by gravity into an elevator and conveyed automatically into the top of the furnace. Coke required by the blast furnaces is produced by 565 by-product coke ovens. This plant produces daily thirty million cubic feet of gas, suitable for heating and lighting. Other by-products yielded by the coke plant are tar and sulphate of ammonia. The latter is used as a fertiliser and for various other purposes, such as bone dust and lime. The estimated annual production of pig iron at the Gary works is 1,200,000 tons; open hearth ingots, 2,700,000 tons; standard steel rails, 1,200,000 tons; blooms and billets, 1,200,000 tons; merchant steel bars, 600,000 tons; plates, 240,000 tons; car axles, 100,000 tons; coke, 1,650,000 tons. The plant proper covers about 1400 acres of land bordering on the shores of Lake Michigan. To the east of this site the Gary Land Company, another subsidiary of the Illinois Steel Company, owns sufficient land to duplicate the present plant, and the various mills which have been erected are arranged with a view to the future enlargement of the plant. The blast furnaces are operated by sixteen 2000 horse-power gas engines, which are supplemented by four 3000 horse-power steam engines for emergency purposes. The power for operating the open hearth plant and steel mills is supplied by seventeen 3000 horse-power

gas engines, which drive an equal number of generators. The gas for these engines and also for the blowing engines is furnished by the blast furnaces. In this way the power required for the entire plant is supplied from blast furnaces by product gas. It may be stated here that a portion of the excess electric power developed at the Gary works is transmitted by wires a distance of five miles to the plant of the Universal Portland Cement Company and there utilised for the manufacture of cement, of which 12,000 barrels are produced daily. The largest individual electric motors in the world are installed in the Gary mills. The rail mill has three 6000 horse-power electric motors for driving the steel rolls. It is estimated that the Gary works, when fully completed, will give employment to from 12,000 to 15,000 men. In addition to the plant of the Illinois Steel Company, sites have been reserved for subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation, among these being the American Steel and Tinplate Company, the American Bridge Company, and the National Tube Company. A plant site of 200 acres was purchased some years ago by the American Car and Foundry Company, providing for a turnout of 125 cars daily and giving employment to 3000 men. The American Locomotive Company also purchased a site of 150 acres of land for locomotive building, with a turnout of 50 finished locomotives per month, and providing employment for 2500 men.

The Gary Land Company, in addition to what has been mentioned, acquired the ownership of about 9000 acres of land in 1906, and immediately began to build the city of Gary in order to provide suitable houses for the employés of the Illinois Steel Company. This was previous to the start of the Gary works. The city was incorporated, and street plans were made covering twenty-seven square miles of territory. The first division of the city, immediately south of the Gary works, and separated from the plant by the Calumet river, embraced 800 acres of the land. Streets sixty feet wide

were laid out in rectangular fashion, with alleys twenty feet in width. A sewer system was planned and installed under the supervision of competent sanitary engineers. The gas and water pipes are located in the alleys, thus avoiding the necessity for disturbing the street paving for future repair of service pipes. The first division contained twenty-seven miles of paved streets, with an ample supply of sewer, gas, and water pipes. The water supply is obtained from Lake Michigan through a tunnel 15,000 feet in length, with a diameter of six feet, extending under the bed of the Lake a sufficient distance from the shore to provide water free from pollution. The pumping station is situated in the centre of the distributing system of the city, and is capable of supplying a population of 100,000. Gas for domestic purposes is obtained from an artificial gas plant, and the electric current for lighting and power requirements is supplied by generators operated by the Gary works. The water, gas, and electric light are under the control of the Illinois Steel Company. More than five hundred dwelling-houses, varying in cost from 1500 to 25,000 dollars each, have been built by the Gary Land Company. Building lots are offered for sale at prices representing as near as possible the cost of the land, and a special discount is given to employés of the Illinois Steel Company to encourage them to buy ground for the erection of dwelling-houses. The purchasers are required to construct their properties according to plans that will meet with the approval of the authorities. Many buildings, both for business and residential purposes, have, of course, been erected by outside parties. Some of these are valued at from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 dollars. The principal street in Gary, running north and south, is named Broadway, which is uniformly a hundred feet wide, and is paved with concrete blocks. The main thoroughfare, running east and west, is designated Fifth Avenue, and is similarly paved. It is eighty feet in width. The Illinois Steel Company have erected

a hospital for their employés at a cost of 250,000 dollars. Five trunk lines connect Gary with South Bend to the east and Chicago to the west through operating arrangements with the suburban lines of the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

Having entrained from Chicago, we arrived at Gary city after fully an hour's run. We proceeded to the premises of the Young Men's Christian Association, with which is combined a restaurant or hotel, where luncheon was served. We were joined here by Mr L. W. M'Namee, auditor of the Gary steel plant. Connected with the buildings are a gymnasium, bowling alley, billiard tables, and reading-rooms. Before leaving for the steel works we ascended to the open flat roof of the Association buildings, from which we had a splendid view of the city and the surrounding country. Standing here, I felt that I was not only in a New World, as America was designated on its discovery by Columbus, but that I was gazing upon a sort of New Jerusalem. This beautiful city, now inhabited by about 40,000 people, had been raised, not by the genii of an Aladdin lamp, or any other magical power, but by mortal hands, in the short period of eight years—an achievement so impressive and startling as to seem almost incredible. The radiant sun had bathed the city in a golden light, and as the eye wandered over its smoothly paved streets, intersecting each other with regular, mathematical precision, with line upon line of new and imposing buildings—a city as perfect as the highest architectural skill could devise, unfolding fresh glories at every turn, not to be removed in a night, as was Aladdin's palace, but an enduring monument of human enterprise—one recognised with a feeling akin to awe the wonderful triumphs of man. Gary is brilliantly illuminated in the evenings. The street lamps, furnished with large white globes, are placed at short intervals from each other, and extend in long straight lines to the remote parts of the city until they are lost to view.

With Mr M'Namee as our guide, we began our tour of inspection of the Gary steel works. The weather was hot, and as we had to cover some three miles of ground, possibly more, we relieved ourselves of our coats and vests, Mr Fyfe showing the example. The land purchased on behalf of the Illinois Steel Company, covering an area of seven miles, consisted simply of sand dunes on the margin of Lake Michigan, and on this barren soil has been reared the great Gary steel works. The amount of iron ore imported to the works per year is about two million tons. The ore, from which the steel is made, is conveyed to the Gary harbour in steam barges, which ply between Gary and Duluth, a port on Lake Superior. The plant has been so arranged that the removal of the ore from the vessel, its conveyance to the blast furnaces, and its manufacture into the completed steel rail is one continuous operation from first to last. The boats, each carrying from 5000 to 10,000 tons of ore, are brought alongside the pier in front of the blast furnaces, and the material is lifted by a specially devised crane or unloader, located opposite the point where the vessel is berthed. The unloader is manipulated by machinery, and I was informed that 10,000 tons of ore can be discharged in the course of eight hours. I was intensely interested in the work of this wonderful piece of mechanism. While approaching the scene of operations I saw the huge upright in the forward part of the crane dipping into the hold of the vessel and ascending with its loaded clam shell bucket, capable of lifting five tons, and was simply astonished on coming nearer to see a man and a whole system of machinery actually inside the leg of the crane guiding the iron bucket down into the barge, directing it towards the ore, which was scooped up with irresistible power and subsequently raised to the pier—man, leg, and bucket together—when, by an automatic arrangement, the material was deposited into large bins or trucks provided for its reception. The ore is then put into the

blast furnace, a charge of coke being at the same time introduced for smelting purposes. At the bottom of the furnace there is a tap-fall, through which the molten metal flows into ladles or pig beds. In this way the ore is converted into pig iron, which, after a cooling process, is put into the open hearth furnaces, where it is re-melted, and finally appears in the form of steel ingots, each weighing several tons. These are promptly conveyed to the rolling mill—one of the great attractions of the Gary works. Here the ingot is subjected to a white heat, and is placed upon the rolling mill, where the spectator witnesses the making of steel rails. The ingot is gradually elongated by powerful machinery and formed into the perfect rail or plate by a continuous process.

An interesting operation was going on in one of the yards during our visit—the employment of huge magnets for lifting pig iron out of the cars and piling it in the yard. The magnet is manipulated by a crane. It is swung round to the car, charged with an electric current, and lowered until it comes into touch with the pig iron, which immediately adheres. The magnet rises from the car, with its load of perhaps two tons of pig iron, and is conveyed to the general pile, where the current is turned off, and the iron falls into the place assigned for it. This process saves a large amount of hand labour. We passed through a number of buildings containing the engines and other machinery that supply the motive power of the Gary works. On completing our inspection we made our way back to the city, and had an enjoyable run by electric car through the principal thoroughfares. Having thanked Mr M'Namee—a busy man—for his exceeding courtesy in conducting us over the Gary plant, at no little personal inconvenience, and describing the various processes connected with the manufacture and rolling of steel, we returned by train to Chicago.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROUND ABOUT CHICAGO.

It was the great French explorer, Robert Cavelier de La Salle, who predicted in December 1681 that Chicago, with its illimitable field of enterprise, would become "the gate of empire and the seat of commerce," and it has achieved much in that direction. It is environed by an almost boundless expanse of plain. On the east lies Lake Michigan; at all other points there is cultivable or feuable land. I have already referred to the territorial dimensions of the city, its commercial and industrial activities, its great pleasure parks and boulevards, and its imposing array of down-town structures, towering so far up into space that the visitor, standing on the broad pavement below, must be careful when casting his eyes towards the summit to avoid any possible dislocation about the region of the neck. Having described what may be called the ensemble of Chicago, a few details may be given about the life of the city and some of its great business houses.

The magnitude of many of the retail stores of Chicago is almost incredible. The greatest is that owned by Marshall Field & Company, where between 7000 and 8000 people are employed, and in holiday times that number is increased to nearly 10,000. The same Company have a wholesale establishment, where an additional 3000 are employed. The buildings cover the greater part of two blocks. The retail establishment, with its many storeys, occupies forty-six acres

of floor space. It is the greatest store in the world, and thither thousands of visitors repair daily, where they may buy anything ranging from a needle to an anchor. One may even purchase a house here by negotiation and furnish it with every detail. The system of elevators is a business in itself. Visitors are conveyed to any floor "in the twinkling of an eye," and one may spend days together in the buildings if all the rooms are to be explored. Thousands of persons can be accommodated in the refreshment halls, which are generally thronged at certain hours. Spacious staircases may be used by those who do not wish to avail themselves of the help of the elevator, whether ascending or descending. A lady guide is placed at the service of visitors who want to make "a run through" the establishment. This can be done in about an hour by mounting from one floor to another and passing along each department without stopping to inspect the goods. The guide gives a rapid and succinct description of prominent features of the various departments. A portion of the highest storey is devoted to the storage during summer of costly furs sent by the owners for preservation. Our party were taken into the chamber where these garments are bestowed. The temperature was sixteen degrees below freezing point. The ladies were supplied with overcoats before entering the chamber as a precaution against the sudden change from extreme heat to extreme cold. Another popular store in the down-town section of the city is "The Fair," where almost anything under the sun can be purchased at very reasonable prices.

With its crowded streets and tremendous vehicular traffic, requiring squads of police officers to regulate the movements of both vehicles and pedestrians, one is impressed with the greatness of down-town Chicago. New sky-scrapers are being constantly added to those already in evidence. This is an effect of the increasing cost of the site on which many commercial houses are built, or of the increasing assessment

imposed on the site. Structures of only five or six storeys do not yield a sufficient revenue to meet the assessment levied by the municipal authorities, which is so much per yard of space, the height of the building making no difference, and the only way out of it all is to demolish these old structures and raise sky-scrapers in their stead. I noticed various dwelling-houses in the residential quarters of Chicago in course of removal bodily from one part of the city to another. Strong beams are put underneath the foundations. These are attached to small but powerful wheels, and the transportation is slowly accomplished by mechanical skill. The down-town hotels and theatres are not closely grouped but are built at a considerable distance from each other for the convenience of the population. Chicago's first hotel, Wolf Tavern, was built in 1829. There are about 500 hotels in the city. Among the largest are the Auditorium, Blackstone, La Salle, Congress, Great Northern, and Virginia. I was conducted through the Blackstone, Congress, and La Salle establishments. No expense has been spared in the equipment of these palaces, which contain concert halls and general dining-rooms, furnished in princely style, each capable of accommodating from 500 to 1000 guests. The hotels are mostly flat-roofed, laid out in some cases with flower gardens and shrubberies, and a splendid view of the city is obtained from this altitude. The prices, including meals and room, range from two dollars upwards per day; for room only, one dollar upwards.

The La Salle Hotel, which is really a memorial building, stands on the spot where La Salle, to whom I alluded at the beginning of this chapter, encamped in 1681 and uttered his famous prophecy. He argued that the area of land on which Chicago has been built was the lowest point between the two great valleys of the St Lawrence and the Mississippi rivers, and that the boundless region of the west must send its products to the east through this point. The La Salle Hotel,

situated in La Salle Street, is 22 storeys in height, and has accommodation for nearly 2000 guests. The guest rooms number 1048, of which 850 have each a private bath, while all the rooms have individual lavatories. Every room is provided with private telephone and automatic heat control. Provision is made for maintaining a healthful hygienic atmosphere. The electric light power and plant, the refrigerating plant, and the engine-room are in the sub-basement. The laundry is on the twenty-first floor. A railway ticket office can be found within the building, and there is an efficient taxicab and automobile service. Among the principal features of the hotel are the La Salle arch, a superb ball-room, the Donnatello fountain, a palm room, writing-room, Louis XVI. dining-room, buffet, German grill, blue fountain room, presidential suite, and the main lobby. I have not seen anything that can surpass the luxury, comfort, and magnificence of these apartments.

The career of La Salle, who was one of the favourite courtiers of Louis XIV., furnishes interesting reading. The Western Empire of his dreams has been founded. Through the country that he traversed one desperate winter, on foot and almost alone, to call aid from Quebec for his helpless garrison on the Illinois river, the traveller now speeds in all the comfort of palatial cars, sleepers, and diners. The trails La Salle made are marked with steel; the streams are spanned with arch and truss. Up the truculent river where he pushed his canoes, heavy with arms and supplies, against the current at the rate of thirty miles a day, steamers make that distance now almost in an hour. Rich dairy farms cover the prairies. Buffaloes and Indians have vanished, and where La Salle found awful proof of the wanton destruction of an Indian village by hostile tribes flourishes the great modern city of Chicago. Louis in his palace at Versailles was not served so well as are the guests at La Salle Hotel. His grandeur could not draw daily upon the four quarters of

the globe to furnish his table. Nor were swift silent cars provided to take him from floor to floor. He had no finer art, no better music. Accustomed to change swiftly from ease to hardship, from Indian encampment to the French Court, or from ship to battle, if La Salle could come again to his old haunts, where in his time the savage roamed through unbroken wilderness, he would find all the marvels of modern civilisation, and in their midst the splendid structure that bears his name.

There are over 500 theatres in Chicago. The principal theatres are the Powers, Grand Opera House, Garrick, Illinois, Auditorium, Colonial, Blackstone, La Salle, Olympic, Princess, Majestic, Haymarket, and the American Music Hall. I had the opportunity of witnessing in the Illinois Theatre a wonderful cinema picture—a Roman tragedy—produced at a lavish cost. I also visited for a short time what was known as the Iroquoise Theatre in 1903, when 657 persons, mostly women and children, were burned or trampled to death through an outbreak of fire. The name of the theatre has now been changed, and the building has been partially reconstructed, while exits have been provided with a view to the safety of the auditory.

I was shown through some of the principal banks of Chicago. One of these, the Continental and Commercial National Bank, has in its employment 3600 people. A huge new building was being erected for the Continental, whose front elevation towers up into the clouds. It occupies a whole block. The interior is adorned with immense marble columns, marble floors, and marble walls. The ceiling is composed of ornamental glass. It was found after their erection that a number of the columns did not correspond, and they were taken down and reconstructed, the large expenditure incurred being no barrier to the accomplishment of the desired effect. Mr Edmunds, of Oak Park, a neighbour of my friend, Mr Fyfe, whose family I visited when staying

in Oak Park, had a large staff of men engaged on the internal work of this gigantic building. Mr Fyfe and myself were entertained by Mr Edmunds, whose son was also present, to an excellent luncheon in the Brevoort Hotel, a high class establishment, on the day of our visit to the new bank. The American custom is to order the various courses not dish by dish but altogether, and a considerable interval necessarily elapses before the lunch is served. We employed the interval in the pleasantest possible manner, some good stories being told by Mr Edmunds and Mr Fyfe, to which I made a modest contribution myself. After lunch we smoked a cigar, accompanied by a liquid refreshment which should always be taken very sparingly. The Brevoort, in common with other hotels and places of entertainment in the city, is amply supplied with powerful electric fans to cool the heated atmosphere, and these are found to be exceedingly effective. It seems to be the practice in Chicago—and no doubt in the United States generally—to combine in many cases the erection of a bank or theatre with a system of business offices or shops, the bank or theatre occupying the centre portion of the building. This is at first rather bewildering to the stranger, but one soon gets accustomed to the ramifications of these immense structures. Passing the works of the celebrated Pullman Car Company one evening with my brother, I watched the employés, numbering 10,000, issuing from the gates on their way home. It was an interesting sight. All sorts and conditions of men and women were represented, including many coloured people. Fifteen minutes were taken by this column to pass a given point, and the moving mass filled the roadway as far as the eye could reach. I was invited to have a walk round the Harvester works and the premises of the Ford Company, but was unable to accomplish this. The Harvester Company are the largest makers of agricultural machines and implements in the world; and the Ford Company, I was informed, produce over 1000 motor

cars per day from workshops in various parts of the United States. The head of the Ford Company is the noted millionaire whose peace ship lately crossed the Atlantic and called at various European ports with the view of raising an agitation in favour of stopping the Great War.

The imposing structure known as the Chicago Post Office and Federal building, whose erection was begun in 1897 and completed in 1905, measures 311 by 386 feet. The main building is eight storeys high, and the dome contains eight additional storeys, making sixteen in all. The total height is 297 feet; depth of foundation, 76 feet. The basement floor contains 150,000 square feet, and the cubical space of the whole structure totals 12,000,000 feet. The design is Roman Corinthian. The building is fireproof, of steel construction, and the foundation is supported by wooden piles, cement, and railroad iron. The exterior walls consist of gray granite, backed with brick. The roof area is covered with vitrified tile, and the dome is sheathed with glass tile. The treatment of the first floor corridor, rotunda, staircases, and court rooms is quite elaborate. The materials used in the finish are oak and mahogany, native and foreign marbles, and scagliola and bronzed iron. There are more than 500 rooms in the building, in which are housed nearly all the departments of the American Government. The United States coat-of-arms is worked in bronze on the main staircases. There are sixteen scagliola columns on each floor around the rotunda—forty-eight in all. The work of the Post Office is done on the basement and main floor, but a large amount of space has also been utilised for this purpose on the upper floors. Accommodation has been provided on the fourteenth floor for the United States Weather Bureau. The floor underneath is occupied by the Civil Service Commission. The court rooms are to be found on the sixth and seventh floors, and the treasure vaults on a still lower level. The offices of the Central Division of the United States Army occupy part

of the fifth floor of the Federal building. Other Government offices here are the Bureau of Labour, the Custom House, Hydrographic Office, Inland Revenue Department, Life-Saving Service, Lighthouse Department, and the Naval Office.

I received special permission to pass through this interesting building along with my brother. From the upper part of the dome, with its handsome balustrade, a striking view is obtained of the stream of men and women who are constantly crossing the basement floor below. It is a curious study to watch the motions of the human biped from this altitude. We were standing directly overhead, and the stature of the figures below was, of course, very much dwarfed. When you see men and women moving about as we saw them at the foot of this sheer descent of nearly 300 feet you obtain a glimpse of mankind from a perspective altogether different from that which you have standing at the top of a cliff or other lofty eminence. I directed my brother's attention to the scene below. Here no two persons walked alike. In each case the step, the motion of the limbs, the swing of the arms, and the poise of the head were entirely dissimilar, and in many cases extremely comical. Silently from our aerial perch they glided over the paved court; so lightly did their footsteps fall upon the mosaics that to us no sound was audible. I have seen from the summit of the Eiffel Tower, which is 1200 feet in height, the people walking in the grounds below, but in that case the altitude was so much greater and the figures so much smaller that the peculiarities which I have attempted to delineate were practically indiscernible.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHURCH IN FERNWOOD.

A RELIGIOUS institution in Fernwood, known as the Methodist-Episcopal Church, which is regularly attended by my own kith and kin, had naturally some claim on my attention. This denomination differs, as indicated by its hyphenated character, from any ecclesiastical body in Scotland that has hitherto come under my observation. Besides the one in Fernwood, there are many other such churches throughout Chicago. Conducted as they are on dual lines of church government, with an equal admixture of Methodist and Episcopal usages imported into the religious service, the worshippers in these united churches are enabled in small communities like Fernwood to maintain divine ordinances more efficiently by cohesion than they would as separate units. This does not apply in the same sense to similar combinations in the heart of the city, but where there are dense masses of people it may easily be conceived that the twofold aspect of denominationalism will commend itself to many who are unable to identify themselves with any other existing form of church organisation.

I was present at several services in the Fernwood church, which enjoys the advantage of a fine organ. There is also a small but well trained choir, consisting mostly of my own relatives, one of whom, a daughter of my brother, rendered on a memorable Sunday morning a delightful recitative setting of that beautiful hymn for children, so familiar to my youth, "I think when I read that sweet story of old."

The music was quite different from the melody I had known, but it was nevertheless of a peculiarly attractive description, if more academic than the simple pathos of the old tune. The singer, possessed of a cultured voice and rare artistic ability, sang with impressive devotional fervour. Realising the uniqueness of my position on the occasion, the distance I had travelled to attend that service, and the knowledge that I should probably never again have the privilege of listening to that inspiring solo in similar circumstances, I confess that my emotional feelings were deeply stirred.

The heat was very great at one of the evening services, and fans were presented to all who entered the church, men and women alike, with the exception of those ladies who brought the article with them. The fans were almost incessantly in evidence during the service, and the swish they created was more than audible, but the preacher, whose sermon was marked by much earnestness, freshness of style, and persuasive spiritual counsel, was not in any way disconcerted by the flutter of the fans—a practice with which American clergymen are no doubt quite familiar. The minister preached without his coat or vest, and doors and windows were opened wide to increase the ventilation. At the close of the service the minister invariably shakes hands with as many of the members and visitors as he can overtake. I did not learn whether this saved anything in the way of visitation, because in that case our Arbroath clergymen might be willing to follow the example where practicable. I witnessed a marriage service in the Fernwood church one evening, which was largely attended. Floral decorations were plentiful. The bride and bridegroom were seated in front, and their friends were accommodated on either side. A subdued strain of music was played on the organ from the beginning to the end of the service, the minister meanwhile tying the nuptial knot by prayer and the recital of the recognised formula of the Church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH.

ON a fine Sunday morning in June I proceeded by car to the down-town district of Chicago in search of a Christian Science Church. After an hour's run I alighted at Drexel Boulevard, where there is a cluster of ecclesiastical edifices. My brother, who accompanied me, pointed to one of these as the object of our quest, and, approaching its portals, we went inside. Ushered into a cushioned pew, we listened to the first part of the service, consisting of an anthem by the choir and a solo by a very tuneful tenor voice. It was not until the preacher intimated that the ordinance of baptism was about to be administered to several adults that I discovered we had got into the wrong church, and I whispered to my brother that we had better hurry up and leave the building, as we had no time to lose. He tumbled at once to the situation, and we quietly departed during the singing of a hymn. On emerging, we looked around and observed an imposing edifice on the other side of the Square. We repaired thither, and learned that it was the First Church of Christ, 4017 Drexel Boulevard. We entered the building, which was filled by a congregation running into thousands, composed evidently of many wealthy citizens of Chicago, judging from the long lines of handsome cars we saw in front of the church at the close of the service. The internal arrangements and style of architecture conveyed the impression that nothing had been left undone to promote the comfort of the worshippers. The

singing was accompanied by what appeared to be an immense organ of a very fine tone, concealed somewhere within the edifice. Two readers, a lady and gentleman, were accommodated on a dais near the centre of the church. There was no gallery, and the exceptionally lofty ceiling ensured abundant ventilation. The lesson-sermon is a distinctive feature of the Christian Science service. It consists of passages from the Bible and from the Christian Science text-book, through which are unfolded the teachings of Christian Science on a given subject. These lesson-sermons are arranged by a Committee in Boston, and are published in "The Christian Science Quarterly." Thus on any Sunday the same lesson is read in every Christian Science service throughout the world. The chapter from the Bible and the hymns are left to the choice of the individual first reader, who selects them so as to fit in with the appointed lesson-sermon. This gives great unity and point to the service, and makes it easier for all to follow. One was impressed by the decorous character of the service and the close attention of the congregation. Before leaving the precincts of the church some of the officials, to whom I was introduced by my brother as a newspaper man, presented me with a quantity of Christian Science literature, including a lecture delivered at Boston by William R. Rathvon, C.S.B., from which I propose to give some extracts defining the principles of Christian Science and dealing largely with the text-book, entitled "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," written by Mary Baker Eddy, the chief apostle of Christian Science.

In his lecture Mr Rathvon, referring to the text-book, says—"This is not a book to be quickly read or hastily thumbed over as one would a shallow novel. Nor is it to be approached with bias or prejudice if one would share its riches; but its truths may be proved and in turn imparted by child or sage who turns its leaves with an open mind. Only the open flower it is that catches the dew and yields its

honey to the bee. It has been asserted that Christian Scientists place their text-book above the Bible as the guide to righteousness. No one can honestly make this allegation who has read the book carefully, for on one of its pages are printed these words:—‘As adherents of truth, we take the inspired word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal life.’ The study and application of its teachings by those who have had little or no familiarity with the Scriptures has made them Bible students and Bible lovers. The one time atheist, the scoffer, and the blasphemer are finding the Gospels a treasure-house of joy and consolation whose untried doors had been barred against them until unlocked by the key forged by the hands of a gentle woman who loved all mankind. No other book in modern times has made so many Bible readers. The text-book of Christian Science was given to the world not to exploit a theory but to relate a discovery; not to upset religions, but to establish salvation; not to confound *materia medica*, but to simplify healing. It contains not one threat, not one word of defamation, detraction, or vilification of any man’s medicine or any man’s religion. No man can read it with an open heart and not be a better man for the reading; no sorrowing one need miss its message of comfort; none tortured by pain or enfeebled by disease need close it in despair. The simple may gather from it wisdom; the wise may gain from it simplicity. There was a time when Christian Science existed in one devoted woman, Mary Baker Eddy. But she was faithful to her trust, and before giving her discovery to the world she tested it critically. She became a Christian Science practitioner, the only one in all the world, and put her science to the touchstone of healing the sick. It showed as pure gold. Then followed the writing of her book, giving the substance of her discovery to the public in concrete and understandable form. Men may differ in their understanding of inspiration and revelation, and may haggle over their present-day possibilities. They may even

deny to woman the spiritual perception acceded to man, but neither wrangling nor disputations nor denials have ever brought to poor humanity the roses of health or the fragrance of gratitude. The book, 'Science and Health,' has done both in gracious profusion. I was privileged to share her daily counsels for more than two years, and from the time of my first half-hour's heart-to-heart talk with her down to the afternoon when standing at her side I saw her marvellous hands shape her last written words, 'God is my life,' I have never wavered in my conviction that she has been the chosen evangel of truth, entrusted with those good tidings of great joy which have been waiting man's readiness since the days when Jesus trod the dusty fields of Syria and sailed the blue waters of Galilee."

Mr Rathvon proceeds to remark "that the establishment of a great religious organisation, whose fourteen hundred growing branches belt the globe; the installation of a simple form of service which fills those churches twice each week with throngs of worshippers who are drawn neither by music, eloquence, nor sensational sermonising; the building up of efficient agencies and institutions for the dissemination and protection of a radically new system of ethics; and the launching of a great metropolitan daily newspaper in the interests of clean journalism, whose success has set a new mark in the newspaper world—these things, or any one of them, would give eminence to the life-work of the most ambitious of men. To a modest woman, Mrs Eddy, belongs the credit of them all. But these achievements, grand as they are, weighed little with her compared with the fruits of her consecrated endeavours to bring more and more of peace on earth and goodwill to men, and to guide us to a clearer and more practical understanding of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. The anthropomorphic conception of God as a manlike being of human attributes and qualities enormously magnified—a heritage of mythology

handed down to us through generations of false beliefs—is repudiated in Christian Science. In our contemplation of Deity we are led to lift our thought from effect to cause, from the thing created to the Creator, from idea to principle. In contemplating God as Infinite Principle we find our life problems must be worked out according to this unerring principle of being, or they will be failures, precisely as failure follows the work of the student in algebra who ignores the basic laws of mathematics. The mistakes we make in life and their afflictive results are due to our ignorance of principle, or to our disregard of the laws expressing principle, and in all cases are traceable to our own shortcomings and never to principle itself. The deplorable mistakes in human history which are designated as sickness and suffering, failure and disaster, will diminish in frequency and virulence as men apply themselves to gain a better understanding of divine principle and persist in using that understanding in the affairs of every-day life. Christian Science stands before the world as a demonstrable religion, one that is to be lived, not merely believed. The standard of proficiency for the Christian Scientist is not how much he believes but how much of the truth he is using in his daily life, in his dealings with his fellow-men, and in the sanctity of his innermost thoughts. Hence it is that there is no such thing as a purely theoretical Christian Scientist. No man can become a Christian Scientist by merely believing in the teachings of the textbook without practising them. We are Christian Scientists only as we are kind and helpful in thought and deed; only as we think health and talk health instead of disease and disaster.”

The lecturer goes on to argue that “when the average man considers the needs of a sick person he at once turns to the medicine bottle, and he believes there is nothing being done for the sick man unless he is made to swallow something. He may tell you that the attempt to change the

condition of a man's body through mind alone is foolishness. And yet this intelligent citizen will readily admit that a man's body commonly and frequently undergoes sudden and very marked changes due entirely to mental causes. He will admit that salt water will flow from his eyes if he is subjected to great grief; that sudden fear will produce cold perspiration; that anger will cause the face to flush or pale, the heart to thump, the voice to change. Now grief, anger, and the like are obviously mental, but because their effect on the body is of every-day occurrence, as commonplace as eating and drinking, the lesson they disclose is lost upon the man who hastens to censure Christian Science for achieving what he styles the impossible, yet which has been a part of him since the day when as a crying infant he on his mother's arm shed his first tears. If to change grief into joy will stop the flow of tears, or, in other words, if a change of thought will change the flow of fluid to the eyes, why will not a change of thought change the flow of fluids to the stomach? Is it not more rational, then, to treat dyspepsia with truth than with tabloids and powders? And so it is with all other bodily diseases and derangements; they have one and all responded to the curative influence of mind administered in Christian Science. Christ proved for all time that the origin of disease was mental, and He healed it with mental medicine. He gave Himself no concern about physical symptoms, but He destroyed what caused them. He cared little about what the sick man had been eating, but much about what he had been thinking. When He healed the sick He gave no parting directions about diet and rest. The sick were healed by Him through spiritual understanding, not by human will. Christian Science, similarly relying wholly upon divine principle, has no relationship with will power, mental science, hypnotism, mesmerism, auto-suggestion, thought transference, spiritualism, or any of the other cults or schools which depend wholly or in part upon the influence of one human

mind or human will upon another. These are essentially adverse to the teachings of Christian Science, wherein the human mind and the human will are made wholly subordinate and subservient to the divine mind, the will of God. Success in Christian Science is attained only as fallible human mentality is eliminated. This implies denial of the human sense of self and the affirmation of all good, and is a condition to which all must come sooner or later."

In considering the immortality of man, Mr Rathvon observes—"One is confronted by the question, What of the hereafter? How am I to regard the change called death? What and where is heaven? Christian Science makes direct answer to these very natural questions. That which is called death, though always an enemy and finally to be overcome, as the Bible declares, is no more to be feared than is sleep. In the present state of our development both are incidental to the experience of mankind, both interfere for the time with human activities, and the awakening—alike in both cases—will, we believe, show no substantial change in individuality or advancement. The gates of heaven do not swing open at the touch of death, but are to be entered by right thinking and right living here and hereafter."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TRIP TO MILWAUKEE.

VISITORS to Chicago should not miss the trip by boat to Milwaukee and back. On a beautiful morning about the end of June I left Fernwood by car along with my brother and some of the members of his family for the Goodrich steamship landing, near the mouth of the Chicago river, which flows into Lake Michigan. On our arrival at the pier we found my indomitable friend, Mr Fyfe, who had consented to be one of the party, awaiting us. He rises at five o'clock every morning, and was, as usual, "first in the field." The journey by car from his residence at Oak Park to the docks had occupied about an hour and a half, and we had taken about the same time to come from Fernwood. The fares having been arranged by my brother, we were soon on board the s.s. Christopher Columbus, which was sailing for Milwaukee—a distance of 85 miles from Chicago. These big Lake Michigan boats have three or four decks for the accommodation of passengers, of whom they can carry an enormous number—anything from 3000 to 5000.

I remember indicating to my brother the obvious peril in which such high decked boats might be placed under certain conditions, and I was vividly reminded of this remark by the capsizing of the passenger steamer Eastland in Chicago river in July 1915, just about a year after I had been in America, when there was an appalling loss of life. The painful details of the disaster were recorded in the American newspapers at the time.

The Columbus was comfortably furnished, and the passengers were entertained all the way with classic music by an efficient orchestra. There was a restaurant at the forward end of the cabin, and below the main deck a lunch room. Other accessories of the steamer were the main bar, palm room, soda fountain, news stand, fruit stand, barber's shop, bootblack stand, club-room, and drawing-rooms. There was also a wireless telegraph office. The passage of the boat from the river into the Lake was an interesting experience, and the trip northward was delightfully exhilarating. The boat kept in sight of the land all the way, and prominent features of the coast were easily descried. Passengers could parade the decks of the ship and enjoy the pure fresh air, or they could enter the music saloon and listen to the fine playing of the orchestra. Various itinerant craftsmen were to be found on board the Columbus engaged in the production of souvenirs. One of these was an Indian, who was surrounded by spectators during the greater part of the voyage while he deftly constructed mother-o'-pearl brooches, with an ornamental lettering of the names of the purchasers or their friends. He sold these as fast as he could make them. The boat took five hours to do the trip, but there are many forms of enjoyment on board these steamers, and the passengers never wearied.

On reaching Milwaukee, which has a population of 400,000, and is the largest city in the State of Wisconsin, we had a run by car through its principal streets and suburbs. From a modest Indian village it has become the eleventh city in population of the United States. Fully eighty years have elapsed since the time when the first white man, Solomon Juneau, a young French-Canadian, came to the village to trade with the Indians for animal skins and furs, in return for which he gave them useful and ornamental trinkets and the first coin they had ever seen. Juneau lived to grow up with the village until it became a city, and he was its first

Mayor. The scenic charm that had fascinated the Indian had an even greater attraction for the white man. He saw the beauty of Nature's handiwork, but he also realised its utilitarian aspects, the possibilities of an extensive harbour, and the development of commerce and trade with port cities on the Great Lakes. The men and women who came to Milwaukee to make their abode were possessed of qualities that made for thrift, growth, and progress. They were primarily the builders of houses, ships, and factories. The village grew from day to day until the red man, who required more seclusion and primitive quiet, concluded to recede to the north. Subsequently, a stream of immigration from Germany, Ireland, and Scandinavia turned the State of Wisconsin from a wilderness into a veritable garden, and destined Milwaukee for a great metropolis. The German element soon predominated in point of numerical strength, and now leads in the commercial and industrial activities of the city. For half a century Milwaukee has been practically a German city. Most of the newspapers are printed in German, and German companies entertain German audiences, while the language is taught daily in the public schools. Milwaukee has also its Polish, Slavonian, Russian, Italian, and Greek colonies. The services in nearly one half of the churches are conducted in foreign languages. The city is situated on the west shore of Lake Michigan. The harbour entrance narrows into a river, which flows through a valley. The section of the river which is located within the city limits is docked and rendered serviceable for heavy navigation purposes. There are in all about twenty-two miles of docking. At the extreme north and south ends of the city wooded stretches of land extend far into Lake Michigan, and are known as the North and South Points. From these the shore acquires a scenic circular outline, forming a lovely bay, which has been not unjustly compared with the Bay of Naples. The banks on the margin of the

Lake are terraced in grass, and thus a natural framework of greenery is given to a beautiful sheet of blue water. Notwithstanding the strong competition encountered on the south by Chicago and northward by St Paul and Minneapolis, the trade of Milwaukee has assumed large proportions. Thirty trains run daily between Milwaukee and Chicago. The water-borne commerce of the city increased in 1913 by a million tons, bringing the total traffic up to nine millions a year. This includes five million tons of coal, making Milwaukee the largest coal receiving port on the Great Lakes. It is an industrial rather than a commercial city, its manufacturing enterprises ranking with the greatest in the country. Among its chief industries are iron and steel machinery, leather, beer, distilled liquors, packed meats, building, coal, agricultural implements, cigars, and tobacco. In some of its industrial achievements Milwaukee enjoys a unique distinction. Its single machinery constructing shops and its tanneries and breweries are the greatest to be found anywhere. It manufactures 75 per cent. of all the heavy sawmill machinery in the United States.

Milwaukee has for years been a celebrated convention centre. It has an Auditorium which cost a million dollars, including the price of the site. This building is far superior to anything of its kind in the country, and is capable of accommodating the largest national conventions in the world. Four smaller model convention halls comfortably house the average convention coming to the city. There are many theatres, summer gardens, and other amusement resorts. Every section of Milwaukee has its own park. The city is noted for its fine streets, many miles of which are paved with asphalt and some with brick. The National Home for Disabled Veterans is one of the best conducted institutions in the United States. An inquiry into the social and civic life of Milwaukee reveals certain peculiarities. There is no regulation, ordinance, or law which compels the closing of

the three thousand drinking saloons within its borders for a single minute from one end of the year to the other. A sense of public decency closes them at the proper hour. This statement is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that Milwaukee has a lower rate of drunkenness than any other American city. At the opening of an educational convention a few years ago the delegates were challenged to find one single inebriated person on the streets during their sojourn in Milwaukee. If they found one it was suggested that they should ask whence he hailed, and they would probably discover that he was a stranger in the city. It is certainly noteworthy that drunkenness should be so rare in this great home of breweries, and that the absence of all restrictions upon drinking saloons has apparently led to sobriety and orderliness. There are no congested slums or tenement districts, and the percentage of working people who own their own houses is unequalled elsewhere throughout the Union. Unfortunately, time did not permit me to visit the breweries nor any of the other great industrial concerns in the city. The average American is naturally prone to talk of the big things of America, and there are undoubtedly many things about Milwaukee which are calculated to inspire its citizens with a sense of pride and admiration, whether it be an industrial achievement, a geographical peculiarity, or a celebrity who has conferred distinction upon the city. Its Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association is a potent factor in its civic and economic life, making for a greater and better Milwaukee commercially, educationally, and physically. Industry, economy, and morality are the distinguishing characteristics of the people. Employer and employed have lived hitherto in comparatively peaceful relationships, and it may be earnestly hoped that these conditions, notwithstanding the preponderance of the German element in the city, will continue long after the Great War is over.

Towards evening, after our pleasant hours in Milwaukee, we again boarded the Columbus and were soon ploughing the expansive and untroubled waters of Lake Michigan on our return to Chicago under the sunshine of a perfect American day. I need not recapitulate the sense of comfort and pleasure experienced on the boat, but I cannot close without mentioning the wonderful sunset that was witnessed upon the Lake during the approaching twilight and the rising of that glorious orb, the moon, which 'hung her lamp on high.' Nearing Chicago, the great array of city lamps gradually came into view, illuminating in one unbroken line mile upon mile of the Lake Shore, while in the background the eye was riveted by a brilliant blaze of lights from the great emporiums in the heart of the city, of many beautiful colours and remarkable designs, whose ever-changing hues, produced by mechanical art, presented a scene that fascinated the thousands of spectators who lined the decks of the ship. Add to this the illumination of all the larger craft on the water, from deck to masthead, and a faint idea may be conceived of the grandeur of a moonlit night on Lake Michigan in the vicinity of Chicago.

Having safely reached the dock, we alighted from the boat, and after patrolling part of the splendidly lit and imposing thoroughfare named State Street we took the car for our Fernwood home.



WILLIAM CRUDEN.

CHAPTER XXV.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE celebration of Independence Day is an annual event which still arouses the enthusiasm of loyal American citizens. In great cities such as Chicago the 4th of July is observed by each parish after its own fashion, and in Fernwood an exhaustive programme of entertainment was provided under the auspices of the Fernwood Improvement Association, of which Mr William Cruden, to whom reference has been made in a former chapter, is the president. Much work is involved in the organisation of these celebrations, and numerous committees are appointed to carry out the arrangements. The proceedings of the day began in Fernwood Park at nine o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night, with intervals for lunch and dinner.

The programme opened with a baseball match between the Fernwood Royal League and the Roseland Black Sox. I cannot remember which club won, but I daresay that does not matter much, as probably nobody in Arbroath is interested in the result. A brief description of the principles of the game may perhaps be of more interest to my readers than the name of the winning team. The origin of baseball dates from 1845, and the game has for the past forty years been as much the national sport of the United States as cricket and football are of Great Britain. There are comparatively few genuine amateur baseball clubs of much importance, the

majority of such organisations being dependent upon "gate" receipts. Most of the clubs in the large American cities belong to the semi-professional class, and form a recruiting ground for the regular professional clubs. There is, however, in New York, an amateur organisation, known as the Amateur League of New York, which embraces six noted clubs, mostly composed of retired college players. In 1871 the first Professional Baseball Association was established in New York, and was followed in 1876 by the formation of the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs. In 1892 this League, in co-operation with the American Association, became responsible for the issue of rules, and for baseball legislation generally, so far as professional players are concerned. But baseball professionalism in America is, as regards individuals, on quite a different footing from cricket and football professionalism in Great Britain. It is no uncommon thing to find among professional baseball teams college students, lawyers, artists, and others pursuing avocations in which education and special talent are required.

Baseball is played with bat and ball upon a diamond-shaped ground, at one point of which is the home base, the remaining three points being first, second, and third bases respectively. The game is played by two sides, each consisting of nine players. An inning is completed when three men on the batting side are "out," and a game consists of nine innings by each side. If the score be a tie at the end of nine innings, play is continued until one side has scored more than the other side in an equal number of innings. The batsman takes his position in the batsman's box at the home base, armed with a hardwood bat, not exceeding $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter at the thickest part and 42 inches in length. To the batsman the pitcher, standing in front of the pitcher's plate, delivers a ball weighing not less than 5 nor more than $5\frac{1}{4}$ oz. avoirdupois, and measuring not less than 9 nor more than $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference. The batsman

must strike at every ball that passes over any portion of the home base not lower than his knee nor higher than his shoulder. After three failures to hit, the batsman is "out" if the ball on the third occasion is caught by the catcher before it touches the ground or is thrown to first base before the batsman gets there. The endeavour of the batsman is to hit the ball inside the foul lines in such a manner as to enable him, without being put out, to run round the bases in a variety of ways provided for by the rules. After making a successful hit, or when he has been given four bad balls or has been hit by the pitcher, the batsman becomes a base-runner, and is said to have scored a run after running the 120 yards necessary to enable him to touch first, second, third, and home bases in succession without being put out in the first process. When the first base is earned subsequent bases may be secured by clever 'stealing,' which demands quickness of perception and promptitude of movement even more than fast running. An extremely important feature of scientific baseball is effective pitching, to excel in which a considerable amount of "head work" is necessary, coupled with a practical knowledge of speed and experience in the use of various curves, drops, and other niceties of delivery. In baseball language, good pitching is understood to show skill in "box-wood," while the essence of good batting is "team work in the bat." Baseball has made considerable headway in Canada, having for years flourished in Toronto, and latterly it has spread among the French-Canadians in Quebec. It has also become popular in Australia, and is played by several "nines" in France. In England it has made slow progress, with the exception of Derbyshire, where in 1900 there were five clubs.

I was a close observer of the match between the Fernwood Royal League and the Roseland Black Sox. A strong network screen had been erected immediately behind the home base, where the batsman and catcher are located, the

catcher standing at the back of the batsman, just as the wicket-keeper does in the game of cricket, ready to catch the ball if the batsman should fail to strike it, which of course he often does. The screen is erected for the safety of the spectators, many of whom avail themselves of this protection from injury rather than risk a blow from the ball should the batsman by an oblique stroke send it amongst the crowd, who congregate round the bases and, as I thought, dangerously near the fighting zone. Much excitement prevailed during the match. Neither cricket nor football is in it compared with the tension created by a baseball game. There is probably a deal of private betting in connection with these matches. At all events, many evidently keenly interested onlookers shouted at the players, and their remarks were the reverse of complimentary when a slip or false move was made. "What's the matter with you"? a critic would cry to one of the players. Another would be met with the query, "Where were you last night"? and still another would be subjected to some scathing adjective, or even expletive. There is certainly no mincing of words with the American critic, who does not hesitate to call a spade a spade. The players, it should be said to their credit, bear with these reproaches meekly enough. The critics on this occasion did not confine their wrath to the players. They manifested their dissatisfaction with the ruling of the umpire or referee on certain points of the game, and their execration of this unfortunate official became so loud and deep that it was deemed necessary by the committee to appoint a substitute. The power and accuracy of the batsman in striking the ball with his round wooden club, whose diameter, as has been stated, does not exceed $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, is surprising. When a good hit is made the missile may travel nearly a hundred yards before it reaches the ground, enabling the batsman to complete the base circuit and arrive home before the ball is returned.

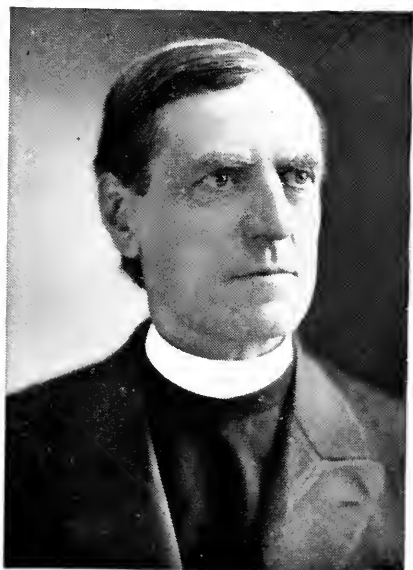
After lunch, there was a parade of school children through the principal streets of Fernwood. It was a pretty scene, and when the procession arrived at the park the spectators, including parents, who had assembled in large numbers, manifested their delight with the tidy dresses and smart appearance of the children. The park was gaily and elaborately decorated. The onlookers were not confined to the residents of Fernwood, many being present from different quarters of Chicago. The track sports, consisting of twenty-one events, began at two o'clock. Races were open to girls whose ages ranged from eight to sixteen, and to young ladies over sixteen. The same conditions applied to boys and young men. There were also races for married women and married men, and for heavy women and heavy men, weighing 200 lbs. and over. An interesting event was the race for Grand Army men, a number of whom were present in uniform. In all cases prizes were given to the winners.

The sports lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon to six in the evening. This was a fairly long spell, and, though much interested in the various events, I borrowed an hour for a run in the electric car to Washington Heights. I was accompanied by a devoted friend, and here we spent the interval, not in song and sentiment, as the newspaper man often puts it, but in a free interchange of thought, beneficial and refreshing, discussing some of the social problems of our time, and even advancing certain physiological as well as psychological reasons for the annual celebration of Independence Day. Returning to Fernwood, we were entertained to a sumptuous dinner at the residence of my brother. There was a large company, including two Arbroath ladies, who lately emigrated to America, Misses Gardiner, daughters of the late Mr Thomas Gardiner, a well known and esteemed citizen of Arbroath. Mr Gardiner some forty years ago was chairman of the Arbroath Nine Hours League. He took a deep and intelligent interest in matters affecting the welfare

of working men, and addressed public meetings in Arbroath and the neighbouring burghs on the question of shorter hours, which engaged the attention of the community at that time. It may be remembered that fully three years ago one of his sons, Mr David Gardiner, a prominent business man in Aurora, some thirty or forty miles from Chicago, while driving in his motor car with the members of his family, came into collision with another vehicle, and that he and his youngest daughter sustained injuries which proved fatal.

Returning to the park after dinner, we listened to popular airs played by a good band. During the evening an eloquent address was given by the Right Rev. Dr Samuel Fallows, Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in the State of Illinois. Bishop Fallows is the rector of St Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago. He and Mrs Fallows celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary a week previous to Independence Day. The Bishop was born in Manchester in 1835, and was brought to America with his parents as a child. He graduated at Wisconsin University, of which he became Regent. After his marriage Bishop Fallows enlisted and served throughout the Civil War as Chaplain, Colonel, and Brigadier-General. One of his sons was a State legislator under the presidency of Mr Roosevelt.

Bishop Fallows, in the course of his address, said they were there that evening to throw their minds back to 1776 and the years that circled round that period, and at the same time to come down to the present date. He had taken part in many a 4th of July celebration. It had been the custom to make it a day of pessimism instead of a day of optimism. In the great State of Illinois many years ago there was a pioneer, a great and good citizen, Peter Cartwright, a man to whom their country owed a debt of gratitude which never could be repaid. It was at a conference of Methodist preachers, with which Chicago was associated, that Peter Cartwright, over six feet in height, of splendid physical pro-



RIGHT REV. DR SAMUEL FALLOWS.

portions, full of muscular as well as spiritual Christianity, referred to a prophecy, uttered before America was a formed mass, that it was a country which was to shape the destinies of mankind—that the chosen people of Biblical repute were the people of the United States; that the land of Canaan, the land of promise, the land of corn, wine, and oil, the land favoured with the greatest mission on earth, was that glorious country of America. It was a prophecy which every man, every woman, and every child ought to learn by heart. He was proud of that land of boundless privilege and opportunity and of his citizenship in it. In spite of the failings and shortcomings which some of the pessimists brought against their country, it was sanctified in more respects than any other nation on the face of the earth. He asked the old army comrades who were with them that evening—the representatives of the great army of the Republic—to reflect on that fact. It took an army of over 2,500,000 men of every nationality under heaven, gathered from the peoples of all parts of the world, to save the American Republic—to save the country to its citizens and their children and their children's children. Washington, God bless him, was first in counsel, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and close together with him was that other president—they could not separate them—Abraham Lincoln. Their names would shine on the roll of fame for ever and ever as long as the earth should endure. In the War of Independence Washington had only 80,000 men under his command against the colossal might of Britain, the greatest nation on the face of the earth, both in its armies and its navy. When the final surrender of Yorktown came and the flag of England, the red, white, and blue, which for a thousand years had borne the battle and the breeze, had to dip to that other red, white, and blue, which the Union called its own, Washington had only 18,000 men left under his command. It was Englishmen on the American side of the

water who saved the throne of George the Third and sang "Britains never, never shall be slaves," and it was with the best blood of the English race that the American colonies secured their independence. Bishop Fallows proceeded to refer to the subjugation of Cuba and the Philippine Islands by the United States and the triumph of Admiral Dewey in the naval engagement between Spain and America. The citizens of the United States had no lust for more territory under any guise. They longed for the time when the tumult of war should cease, when the peace of the world should be established, and by God's grace they meant to do what they could to accomplish that end.

These are remarkable words, uttered nearly a month before the declaration of war by Germany, and seem to point to a premonition in the mind of Dr Fallows of the impending European calamity. I am sorry that I have only been able to produce a very imperfect outline of the Bishop's address. Darkness had descended soon after he commenced to speak, and in the circumstances I find that my notes are to some extent undecipherable. Apropos of his reference to America as the Chosen People, one wonders how many nations have assumed to themselves that honour. Here is a paragraph, lately culled from a Scottish newspaper, from which it appears that Germany lays claim to the coveted title:—

"Some remarkable notes on the perversion of religious sentiment in Germany as a result of the present war in Europe appear in the Paris 'Temps' from the pen of a Norwegian who has recently made a tour through the country. Religion in Germany, he observes, has been transformed by the war into a purely political instinct. The doctrine of the super-man, of the rebellious hero who lives above the laws, has given birth to that of the super-people who by cannon and dynamite will purify the world and then repeople it. The God of the Germans is none other than the God of Battles, the avenging, angry, jealous God. Their

people are the Chosen People; the Holy Land is the Empire; the children of God, the Teutons. They alone have a pure heart and easy conscience. The others are the strayed sheep. The preachers go to the Old Testament for their favourite texts. A striking instance is that of the Hebrews fighting against the Philistines and Amalekites. In order to excuse the violation of Belgian territory by German troops a pastor took as his text the Book of Deuteronomy, chap. ii., v. 34, where we are told how Sihon (*i.e.* King Albert) refused the Israelites passage through his country, and how he, his people, and his country were utterly destroyed in consequence."

If Germany's actions in the present war are a sample of what the Chosen People are meant to do few nations will be anxious for the job. Many new phrases have been coined to describe each new horror perpetrated by German militarism in the terrible tragedy in which the great armies of the world are now engaged, but the English vocabulary seems inadequate to express the execrations of civilised humanity in respect of the iniquitous and Satanic machinations of the arch enemy headquartered at Berlin, culminating in that hideous, unparalleled crime, the destruction of the Lusitania, with its appalling number of victims, done to death by a deed which made the whole world shudder. "Where do we stand?" I asked a leading clergyman in Arbroath not long after the beginning of the war. "How can we reconcile with Christian teaching this savagery of the twentieth century, initiated by the rulers of a nation whose learning, culture, and religious professions have evoked the admiration of Europe?" He replied that while it was the judgment of God on the sins of the world the whole position created by this premeditated war, unprecedented in its gigantic proportions and in the devilish devices employed for the slaughter of men, was bewildering, and formed one of the severest tests to which the Christian faith had ever been subjected. Indeed, the problem which was

exercising the minds of thinking men to-day was wherein our conceptions of the Christian faith were misleading and standing in urgent need of reformation.

The address by Bishop Fallows was followed by an interesting scena, entitled "Our Flag," rehearsed within a large open wooden structure, profusely embellished with coloured papers and other decorations, around which a limited number of seats were provided for the spectators. The park was brilliantly illuminated by the aid of many Chinese lanterns and other forms of artificial light. A huge representation of the American flag was constructed in presence of the onlookers by Grand Army veterans and their wives and daughters, assisted by 126 school children, including a cast of characters representing Washington, Columbus, Betsy Ross Tent, Uncle Sam, Liberty, Columbia, Flower Girl, and Hiawatha. The flag was composed of pieces of cloth in a variety of colours emblematic of the different States of the Union, and when the task was completed the flag was lifted from the ground by a number of stalwarts and displayed to view amid much enthusiasm, the band meanwhile playing the National Anthem. An eloquent address was afterwards given by Miss Harriet E. Vittum, President of the Women's City Club. Selections were subsequently rendered by a quartette party, consisting of two nieces and two nephews of my own. One of the quartettes sung was that time-honoured, patriotic composition "My Old Kentucky Home." A solo was also contributed by the soprano, Mrs James T. Jeffrey. The stars were shining brightly overhead during this interesting part of the proceedings, but the "stars" underneath claimed for the moment the undivided attention of the assemblage.

Some closing formalities and courtesies having been observed,

" Each one took his several way,
Resolved to meet some other day."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHICAGO INSTITUTIONS.

THE principal libraries of Chicago are the Public, Newberry, and John Crerar. The Public Library contains 110,000 square feet of floor space. The building is stocked with books dealing with almost every conceivable subject. The collection of books of art, foreign languages, history, biography, and travel is exceptionally extensive. In this library will be found a very complete file of patent records, dating back in the case of the United States to 1790; in the case of Germany, to the founding of the Empire; France, to the time of Napoleon I.; Canada, to 1873; Britain, to 1617. It has twenty-six branch institutions and over a hundred delivery stations. More than 3,000,000 books are drawn annually from the circulating department. Any book in the main library may be delivered to the holder of a library card at the branch station nearest to his residence the day after it is called for. With only one exception the circulation from the Public Library is greater than that from any other library in the country. Entering the Public Library from Washington Street, the visitor passes under the massive elliptical marble arch over the main staircase, at the foot of which is seen wrought in the floor a bronze copy of the corporate seal of Chicago. The vestibule contains elaborate decorations and designs in green and gold Tiffany glass mosaic. At the head of the staircase is the delivery room, measuring 134 by 48 feet. A special feature of this room

is the stained glass dome and serpentine marble panels, with inscriptions in ten different languages. The art room, which is on the top floor, contains a superb collection of works on art and art criticism. The reading-room for young people is on the floor below, and at the end of the corridor is the reference department. Ranged round the walls are encyclopædias, atlases, directories, and dictionaries in all the principal languages. Space has been found on the same floor for another reading-room, which is supplied with newspapers from every important city in the United States, as also with hundreds of magazines and other publications. On the second floor of the building will be found the Grand Army rooms and Memorial Hall, with a museum of war relics, battle flags, and portraits of prominent military men, including a life-size oil painting of Abraham Lincoln. A spacious hallway fronting the Randolph Street entrance is a conspicuous feature of the main floor. A reading-room for the blind has been provided, in which the large collection of books printed with raised letters is worthy of attention.

In connection with my visit to this library I was particularly struck with the great stream of applicants for books from the circulation departments and the unique system of delivery. The long queue of applicants, for whom separate means of ingress and egress are provided, is maintained for hours without intermission. No time is lost by the numerous attendants in the delivery of books, and the same activity applies to the receivers in taking their departure.

The Newberry Library differs greatly from the Public Library in the character of its collections. Situated in the vicinity of Washington Square, it is a fine structure of Connecticut granite in the Spanish Romanesque style of architecture. Noteworthy gifts to this library are relief panels illustrating Benedictine monks at work on manuscripts in 1456, La Salle's march through Illinois in 1681, and the

Fort Dearborn massacre in 1812. It has a museum containing copies of very ancient manuscripts in Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, Dutch, English, Greek, French, German, Italian, Hebrew, Spanish, and many in Latin, dating back to the twelfth century. Pali, Sanscrit, and Persian are also to be found written on palm leaves. Books with rare bindings, including illuminated manuscripts, attract much attention, as, for example, the Prince Louis Lucien Buonaparte collection on philology, the Eames India volumes, and the Clarke contribution on fish, fish culture, and angling, in addition to several valuable musical collections. Visitors to the Newberry Library are treated with marked courtesy by a competent staff of attendants.

The water supply of Chicago is obtained from Lake Michigan. The first large pumping station was built in 1854. The population was then 65,872, and is now estimated at nearly 3,000,000. The gallons pumped per day have increased, roughly, from 600,000 to 600,000,000, with a maximum of over 700,000,000. The sewers of Chicago originally emptied into the river and thence into the Lake. It was not believed that so immense a body of water could be contaminated, but it soon became apparent from the rapid growth of the population and the consequent increase of sewage that the waste would have to be diverted from the source of the water supply if the health of the city was to be preserved. The construction of a drainage canal at a cost of over 66,000,000 dollars was subsequently undertaken, involving the reversal of the river current and the building of an intercepting sewer system. The result of this immense expenditure was to provide Chicago with the purest water supply of any large city in the world. The main canal extends thirty-six miles from the south branch of the Chicago river to a point on the Desplaines river near the city of Joliet, and has a fall in the course of this distance of forty feet. The depth of the canal throughout is 24 feet, with a width of 164

feet, and for a number of miles it is cut through solid rock. The flowing capacity is 6,300,000 gallons per minute. The canal "serves the triple purpose of (1) carrying away the Chicago sewage, diluted with so great a volume of clear Lake water and purified by the rapid flow of the stream as to be harmless to the towns on the Desplaines and Illinois rivers; (2) of a great ship canal; and (3) of generating electricity." Electrical energy is supplied to private industrial concerns and to twelve municipalities, including Chicago. The power of the drainage canal is utilised for lighting the City Hall of Chicago, for pumping sewerage and Lake water into the canal, and for lighting over 20,000 arc lamps in the streets. With regard to the water supply, there are sixty miles of tunnels through which the water flows from the cribs in Lake Michigan to the pumping stations. There are five intake cribs in the Lake, from two to four miles from the shore. At this distance an ample supply of pure water is ensured. Huge tunnels, twenty feet in diameter, are connected with the cribs and convey the water to nine pumping stations erected in different parts of the city. The pumping stations draw the water from the tunnels and send it through distributing mains to the consumers. The tunnels, which were constructed at an enormous expense, are many feet underground, and had to be carried largely through rock from various points in the city down to the Lake Shore, and thence under the water to the respective cribs—a distance of from twenty to twenty-five miles.

My brother's elder son, Mr Charles Thomson, conducted me to one of the pumping stations, located in Roseland, near Fernwood, and described in an interesting way the *modus operandi*. The machinery equipments were in splendid order and on a most elaborate scale. All the other pumping stations are similarly constructed.

Probably no more popular summer resort is to be found in Chicago than the Midway Gardens, where musical festivals

are given daily during the season by the National Symphony Orchestra. The plan of the Midway Gardens is something of a novelty even in Chicago. The auditory is accommodated in an open square, seated for many thousands. Sunshades of divers colours are fixed up in all parts of the arena. These have the form of gigantic umbrellas, and are placed at an angle which affords protection from the scorching rays of the sun. The arena is enclosed north, east, and west by galleries in the Egyptian style of architecture, and south by an extensive canopy for the Orchestra. An ample concert room in the front portion of the buildings does service when the weather is unfavourable for open-air performances. The charge for admission is twenty-five cents. Visitors may either sit in the arena below or occupy the galleries upstairs, which are roofed and walled from the outside but quite open to the inside and admitting an abundance of fresh air. Tables for refreshments are placed opposite the seats, except in the near vicinity of the Orchestra, and wines and all sorts of liquors are available. On the occasion of my visit the printed *carte du jour* embraced many savoury dishes, and a staff of attendants in handsome uniforms ministered to the wants of the people. The use of the fragrant weed was not debarred, and, in perfect weather, everybody was able to enjoy under the most comfortable conditions the delightful music discoursed by the National Symphony Orchestra. As for myself and the friends who were with me, we were content to occupy one of the front seats near the Orchestra, where there were no tables, and where we listened with all our might to the feast of music, not without some knowledge of the value of what we were privileged to hear, and unassailed by the temptations of that other feast to which I have just alluded.

A Chicago institution known as the municipal lodging-house is situated near Haymarket Square. It is maintained by the city, and provides food and temporary shelter for worthy

stranded working men, who are also assisted in securing employment. Applicants for lodgings are registered on a card which gives all essential details with regard to their antecedents. On admission they receive plain but substantial meals. There is a disrobing room, where their belongings are placed in a netted sack for fumigation by sulphur. They afterwards proceed to the shower bath and subsequently to the drying room. Here they are examined by medical men and receive night-shirts and slippers. The appurtenances of the house are plain but scrupulously clean, and the comfort of the occupants is in every way assured by the authorities. The institution is open to public inspection, and a visit to it will prove interesting. All the work about the building is done by the lodgers, and the administration of the house is such that tramps and undesirable characters are discouraged from sharing accommodation with the needy but unfortunate people for whom the institution is mainly intended. Idle or disorderly persons, over sixteen years of age, are confined in the house of correction, or city prison, the average period of detention being 47 days. A new cell-house was built some years ago which represents the most modern ideas in point of construction, the cells being light and airy, with outside windows. Affiliated with the city prison is the John Worthy School, where incorrigible boys under sixteen years of age are confined and are given educational and industrial training. The Criminal Court occupies the site of the old North Market Hall, erected in 1851 and destroyed by the great fire of 1871. The Court building was demolished in 1892 and replaced by the present structure, consisting of rock-faced coursed ashlar stonework. In the rear of the Criminal Court is the county jail.

The Board of Trade, situated in Jackson Boulevard, has naturally a great attraction for speculators. There is a large gallery for visitors, and no formalities are necessary to secure admission, but if one desires to mingle with the

speculators on the floor of the pit, as the trading centre is called, permission can only be had through a member of the Board. The din and confusion which prevail in the pit, particularly when prices are rapidly fluctuating, are indescribable, and the ordinary onlooker cannot understand what all the row is about, but the apparent chaos is regulated by system and order. Speech is almost impossible amid the noisy crowd, but the eye is quicker than the ear, and signals are given with the hand or by a nod of the head, which means as much to the initiated as a written communication would convey. Various signs are employed by the speculator to indicate to the seller what he is prepared to give, say for so many bushels of wheat. The clenched hand, the open hand, or certain finger movements constitute a system of telepathy by which buyer and seller can agree upon a given price. The latest prices in the pit are noted by an official reporter, and at short intervals he communicates with a telegraph operator close at hand. In this way the price of grain is made known every minute to all the markets of the world. I was offered admission to the pit by one of the members, but I decided that I was near enough the scene of operations in the gallery.

The Ghetto market in Jefferson Street is one of the notable sights of Chicago. This is the abode of the Russian Jews. Saturday here is observed as Sunday, and everything is closed on the Jewish Sabbath. On week days all descriptions of meat and fowl are kosher killed, according to the principles of the Jewish religion. When the market is in full swing this section of Chicago is crowded with members of the Hebrew race, old and young, disposing of their merchandise to all comers with that keenness and shrewdness so characteristic of the Jew. Fish, flesh, and fowl are displayed in the shops or on the stands outside. There is a great variety of useful goods, including second-hand clothing, which can often be obtained at very cheap prices. It is a

busy scene, and a study of the methods, the language, the lineaments, and certain peculiarities of this ancient people cannot fail to arouse the interest of even the most superficial observer.

Chicago has been called the electric city because it is the pioneer in electric service for manufacturing, lighting, and many other purposes. The city has three very large turbine generating stations, controlled by the Commonwealth Edison Company, and over fifty minor or distributing stations. In the down-town district provision is made for a low tension distribution, covering an area of about ten square miles. In this connection twelve of the minor stations are equipped with an auxiliary storage battery system, which affords absolute protection in the business area in case of interference from the main system. This perfect electrical arrangement has added greatly to the manufacturing enterprises of Chicago during the past twelve years, as both large and small factories can obtain power at a less cost than is possible in other cities in the United States where the conditions appear on the surface much more favourable.

In the course of our peregrinations about Chicago I was introduced by my brother to an esteemed friend, Mr Peter Simpson, an engineering expert, who has patented many inventions. We visited Mr Simpson in his business offices, and had a pleasant talk. He invited us to lunch with him in one of those convenient establishments "round the corner" which is famed for the excellence of its *cuisine*. I found the conversation of our host, who is a Scotsman by birth, very entertaining, and I may be permitted to express the hope that all his patents will come to fruition.

The solution of the problem of the coloured people in America becomes year by year increasingly difficult. They form a large proportion of the population, and as they advance in education they secure good positions as clerks, typists, artisans, and in other occupations. Many are engaged in

business on their own account, and not a few become rich. In one of the large hotels where my brother and I had tea all the waiters were blacks. The young men and women who are engaged in business offices dress well and talk well, but they are not put on an equality with the white population. They do not enjoy the same social privileges. In some of the States down South, for example, they are not allowed to ride on the same electric cars as the white people, and I understand that this prejudice extends to mulattoes, quadroons, and even octoroons. In the Northern States they are treated with much more consideration. They are free to board the trains or cars with all classes of citizens, and on some occasions I have seen as many coloured as white people in the same car, both male and female. But there is still a wide social gulf between the black and white races. I sometimes wondered how much of envy or resentment or possibly sorrow may have been present in the minds of some of the dusky damsels sitting beside me in the car when they contrasted their position with that of their fairer sisters. It is only when you actually see this phase of city life in Chicago that you begin to realise what is meant by the seemingly impassable barrier which even in the twentieth century exists between two different races living in the same city and under the same laws, daily rubbing shoulders with each other, and yet so far apart. There are not, however, wanting signs of a desire to ameliorate the social position of the coloured citizens of America and to bring them into closer touch with the white people. It may be hoped that a good deal will be achieved in this direction through the educational and Christianising agencies which abound in all parts of the United States.

The drink problem does not seem to worry our American cousins so much as it troubles us in Scotland. Hardly a single case of inebriation from the use of alcoholic liquors came under my observation during my sojourn in the States. In Chicago, as in other large cities, there are a number of

prohibition areas. For example, in the parish of Fernwood, a suburban part of the city, there is no licensed house. A glass of whisky or a glass of beer can only be obtained by a walk or a run by car to the neighbouring parishes of Roseland or Washington Heights, each a mile or two distant. But the residents of Fernwood seem to get along quite comfortably with such beverages as iced strawberry sodas, chocolate sodas, and such like. They have also home-made lemonades, which are very palatable. These drinks are in great demand during the hot weather, and the refreshment saloons downtown are usually crowded with soda consumers. In general the American citizen is more domesticated than is commonly the case in this country, which may be partly due to the shorter days in the States: I refer more particularly to the summer days, when darkness falls about eight o'clock. Neighbourly visits are encouraged among families living near each other. Music and indoor games are pleasant features of the home life. An indoor form of baseball is very popular. I found it a really absorbing parlour game. An iron plate, with divisions representing the bases, is placed upon the floor. The players are equally divided, and three balls are allowed to each player. The object is to roll the ball from a fixed point on to the base which counts most, and of course the side with the best score wins. It is a game which certainly provides much merriment for both players and on-lookers.

I was courteously shown over the premises of the "Chicago Tribune," one of the greatest newspapers in America. All departments of the work were in full operation, and it was interesting to note American methods in journalism. There are four newspaper printing machines of tremendous size, which occupy the whole of the basement floor. If one of these breaks down another is ready to take its place.

The day came, all too soon, when I had to bid my people "Farewell." At Dearborn Railway Station a surprising

number of friends gathered to wish me God-speed. These partings flood the soul with thoughts unutterable. I had a strong desire to address a few words to those round about me, but silence was perhaps better than speech. That was my feeling as I was suddenly withdrawn from the company and conducted to my berth in the train *en route* for Toronto.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DAY IN TORONTO.

It was on the evening of Monday, 13th July 1914, that I began my homeward journey on the Grand Trunk line from Dearborn Station, Chicago, for Toronto. I had arranged to return to Scotland by the Canadian route, sailing down Lake Ontario from Toronto for Kingston in one of the larger boats of the R. & O. Company, thence into the majestic river St Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, and onwards to Montreal, where a smaller steamer awaits the passengers for Quebec, who finally board the ocean liner for Liverpool.

There was nothing of interest on the run by train to Toronto, with the exception that one of the engine cylinders burst. This necessitated a considerable stoppage, a fresh engine having to be procured. We entered Canadian territory after passing the southern end of Lake Huron. Toronto, which is 516 miles distant from Chicago, was reached about half-past nine on Tuesday morning, just one hour late. I had a run through the principal streets of the city by electric car. The weather was delightfully temperate and pleasant. Toronto is situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and is one of the largest and most prosperous cities of the Dominion, having a population of about 500,000. Its rich scenery, picturesque parks, and handsome buildings render it an attractive summer resort. The parks and gardens cover 12,000 acres, and the city has an area of 28 square miles. It gradually rises from the water's edge to an elevation

of over a hundred feet above the level of the Lake. The streets are broad and well paved, and the extensive boulevards are amply shaded with trees and thickly lined with shrubbery and flowers. Miles of fine residential quarters pleasantly occupy the attention of the tourist. The city is practically divided into two sections by Yonge Street, which is the great thoroughfare to the North, extending thirty miles to Holland river. In 1867 Toronto became the capital of the Province of Ontario, which has a population of three millions. The Provincial Parliament building, at the southern end of Queen's Park, is a stately structure, with a frontage of 435 feet and a depth of 260 feet. I had a walk through the interior, and was impressed by the handsome equipments of the assembly room, including its pictures, inscriptions, and other features of historical interest. The number of Parliamentary representatives is 111. In the western part of Queen's Park is the celebrated Toronto University, to which pupils come from all parts of the world. The style of architecture is Norman, and the noble proportions of the building are in perfect harmony.

What is called Scarborough Beach is a favourite public resort. The Beach lies beyond the outskirts of the city, and is easily reached by electric car. It is a modified Earl's Court, with abundant means of amusement, and the view of the Lake from this standpoint is worthy of note. The water is as blue as the sea a short distance from the shore, and it was amusing to watch the boys and girls "paddling their own canoes"—a kind of craft so small and easily upset that the occupants were quite prepared to swim to the land in case of emergency.

St James Cathedral, an imposing ecclesiastical edifice in Toronto, is said to have the highest spire on the Canadian continent. There are many costly hotels, the latest addition being the King Edward, which is quite a princely establishment. The City Hall and the Armouries are both handsome

structures. Most of the houses in Toronto are composed either of stone or red brick. In speech the accent of the inhabitants does not differ greatly from that in the United States, which is easily accounted for in view of the comparative nearness of the city to America. One is apt to get a little mixed up with the coinage in Canada immediately after quitting the United States. I had in my possession American dollars as well as English and Canadian money, and it required just a little consideration to discriminate between the different values. I carried with me a letter of introduction to an important official in Parliament House, but, unfortunately, he was absent on holiday. I was unaware at the time of my visit that a married daughter of Mr Thomas Hynd, Nether Kelly, near Arbroath, with whose family I was well acquainted, resided with her husband in Toronto. In the circumstances I had to do the best I could for myself in the way of sight-seeing, and no doubt missed a good deal that would have given additional interest to these pages.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAKE ONTARIO AND ST LAWRENCE RIVER.

IN the evening I sailed from Toronto on board an exquisitely furnished steamer, brilliantly illuminated by electric light. The boat had sleeping accommodation for over 400 passengers. Clearing the harbour, we skirted a long wooded belt of land, emerging into the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, whose waters are clear and pure as a mountain spring and remarkably free from storms. The Lake is 190 miles long, 50 miles wide, 600 feet in depth, and 247 feet above the level of the sea. Kingston, which was reached between five and six o'clock on the following morning, is charmingly situated at the foot of Lake Ontario and the head of the St Lawrence river. The city has a military college, and is also an important educational centre. Breakfast was served shortly after leaving Kingston.

It may be mentioned here that the Great Lakes and the St Lawrence river form the grandest system of inland navigation in the world, extending from the head waters of Lake Superior to Gaspé at the Gulf of St Lawrence—a distance of about 2100 miles. The total length of the St Lawrence—from Kingston to Point des Monts—is 688 miles. The Great Lakes and the St Lawrence form a natural boundary line between the United States and Canada as far as Cornwall, in the Province of Ontario, from which point the river runs eastward entirely through Canadian territory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

OUR steamer, which was named the "Toronto," was soon threading its way through the sinuous channels of the famous Thousand Islands. This incomparably beautiful region has been justly described as one of the most attractive of the world's playgrounds :

Where emerald waters take their way,
Through windy channels, cove, and bay,
With broad abandon, wide and free,
From Lake Ontario to the sea.
Beneath the blue, adorning sky
A thousand isles in beauty lie.

The number of these islands is actually about seventeen hundred, varying in shape and size from a projecting rock to a large fertile area of land, the latter enriched by beautiful foliage and graceful trees. Many of the islands are ornamented by summer residences in all styles of architecture—from the modest cottage of the camper to the lordly castle of the millionaire. The ever-changing attractions of this wonderful panorama of Nature were viewed with exclamations of delight by the passengers on the "Toronto" as the boat wound its way in and out among the islands in its passage down the river. Whilst the scenery by day is grand and inspiring, it is rendered enchanting on certain evenings by illuminations and music.

A lady who was standing near me remarked that the islands lay very low in the water—quite different, she said, from those in the vicinity of Trinidad, where she resided. I asked her if she knew Mrs Bowen, of Trinidad, a daughter of the late Mr Buncle, proprietor of the “Arbroath Guide.”

“Why, sure,” she replied, “I know nearly all the members of Mr Buncle’s family.”

From her card I learned that she was Mrs Arthur Wight, of Trinidad. She introduced me to her husband and her sister, Miss Olive Van Buren. We had a long and interesting talk, for which there was ample time, as we viewed the superb scenery of the Thousand Islands.

The “Toronto,” in the course of her trip, crossed the river to Clayton, on the American mainland, in the State of New York, where a stop was made. The boat afterwards passed the famous Frontenac Island, on the American side of the river. Here many attractive summer homes arrested our attention. Wellesley Island, in a corner of which is what is named the Thousand Island Park, next came into view. This is an extensive summer retreat, having from five to six hundred picturesque cottages. There are also many boarding houses, besides excellent hotel accommodation. The southern shore of Wellesley Island lies close to the American continent, and remarkable views are obtained from the long natural avenue of water which runs between the island and the mainland. Our boat subsequently touched at Alexandria Bay, a popular and fashionable watering-place in America. The fame of its natural beauty attracts tourists from far and near. We then recrossed the river and drew up at Brockville, in Ontario. Boys came along the pier here with newspapers, which they ingeniously placed in a receptacle at the end of a long wand, and in this way reached the passengers on the lofty decks, who abstracted the newspapers and put five cents into the accompanying cash-box. The river was very smooth and placid after leaving Brockville, and as both the Canadian and

American shores are quite near at this point a delightful view of the landscape was obtained, particularly from the hurricane deck, which passengers were at liberty to ascend.

Prescott, on the Canadian side of the river, was our next landing-place, and here the passengers were transferred from the "Toronto," which is too large to run the Rapids, to a smaller boat, the "Rapids Prince," with convenient observation decks. This vessel was provided with every appliance for the safety and comfort of the passengers.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ST LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

AFTER leaving Prescott, we sailed through the first of the troubled waters of the St Lawrence, named the Galoups. There is a fall on the river of 220 feet between Prescott and Montreal—a distance of 125 miles. We were accompanied on the “Rapids Prince” by an English lecturer, who explained the various points of interest in connection with our trip. Passing Cedar Point, we soon descried the Long Sault Rapids, extending about nine miles down stream to Cornwall, and divided into main channels by beautifully wooded islands. The “shooting of the rapids,” as the descent by the boat is called, is an exciting experience. Before us was a seething mass of churning waters, rushing with headlong speed down a declivity which stretched a long way ahead. With her steam almost shut off, the boat dashed among the waves that seemed to advance uphill to meet her, and was carried along by the sheer force of the current at a speed of twenty miles an hour. At Cornwall our guide directed our attention to the Cornwall canal, twelve miles long, with six locks and a fall of forty-eight feet. This canal opens a safe passage to freight steamers and small craft eastward bound, and is the only course possible for all westward bound vessels. Near the foot of Cornwall Island is the picturesque Indian village of St Regis—a Government reservation for the black man. It lies near the line which divides Canada from the United States. The river broadens below Cornwall and

forms Lake St Francis, a fine sheet of water twenty-eight miles in length. Several islands are passed near the entrance to this lake. One of these is Stanley Island, where, in season, abundant duck shooting and fishing can be had. A few miles farther on is the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec. The shores on either side are diversified with extensive woods and prosperous farms, and the prospect is remarkably pretty. A conspicuous feature of the run down Lake St Francis is the distant mountain range known as Old Chateauguay—a spur of the Adirondacks. Coteau-du-Lac, with its straggling row of small French houses, lies at the lower end of the lake. We were now in French Canada.

Leaving this point, the steamer glided under the notable iron bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway, and soon passed the Coteau Rapids. Seven miles farther down the stream we entered the Cedar Rapids. A little below these are what are termed the Split Rock Rapids, followed by the Cascades, where white-crested waves rise in tumultuous volumes from the dark green waters of the river. The length of this series of rapids, following each other in close succession, is about twelve miles. The Cedars are considered by those familiar with the river to be the most beautiful of all the rapids, while the Split Rocks are said to be the most difficult to navigate. One of the most striking of the canals is that which covers the distance between the Coteau landing and the foot of the Cascades. This is the only way the trip westward (up the river) can be made. The locks are of massive stone, and the canal is lighted and operated by electricity. The river for the next twelve miles widens out and is called Lake St Louis, at the east end of which is the town of Lachine. Opposite Lachine is the village of the Caughnawaga Indians, many of whom, both men and women, we noticed disporting themselves in the water.

Just below Caughnawaga we passed through the magnificent iron bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, built on

the cantilever principle, and anon we were dashing through the last of the St Lawrence rapids—the Lachine. This was the most exciting part of our trip down the St Lawrence. The channel of the Lachine is narrow and tortuous. Our boat was speeding in the midst of the breakers, all steam shut off, and the swift current carried her, with fearful rapidity, towards the treacherous rocks abounding in this vicinity, some of which are exposed to view, others hidden. Our guide warned us of the dangers by which we were surrounded, but at the same time he remarked that the man at the helm was worthy of our confidence, and he asked us to watch carefully the crucial spot we were nearing, where two ledges of rock, between which there was sufficient space to enable the vessel to steer clear, would be seen just under the surface of the water only at the moment we were precipitated through the chasm. We did watch with rare intensity, and saw the submerged rocks as we passed within a few feet of their sharp edges at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, while clouds of spray ascended from the foaming abyss. A wonderful feeling of relief was experienced when it was all over. The descent completed, we were soon steaming peacefully along the quieter, expansive waters of the river, finally passing underneath the noted Victoria Jubilee Bridge, which ranks from an engineering point of view with the greatest structures of the age, and entering the busy harbour of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, about six o'clock in the evening. Those of us who were going on to Quebec had, unfortunately, only half an hour to spend in Montreal, and this interval was mostly occupied in changing from the one boat to the other.

Montreal has a population of over 600,000, and is an attractive city. Its massive stone buildings include cathedrals, churches, and colleges with gleaming pinnacles and domes. It has numerous parks and drives. Mount Royal, or the royal mountain, from which the city derives its name, rears

its head in the background and gives a fine setting to the handsome buildings in the forefront. We got into one of the two new steamers running between Montreal and Quebec. It was not a large boat, but was luxuriously furnished. The dining apartment, on the main deck aft, was seated for 150 passengers. The domed ceiling of the upper saloon was richly ornamented with scroll work, and the introduction of allegorical and other valuable paintings had a harmonising effect. The entrance hall had a rubber tiled floor, and was panelled in mahogany adorned with beautiful works of art in bronze relief. Dinner was served shortly after leaving Montreal. There were many things to interest us going down the river. About fifty miles from Montreal the St Lawrence expands into Lake St Peter, twenty-five miles long and nine miles wide. We afterwards arrived at the Three Rivers, a city midway between Montreal and Quebec. It is situated at the mouth of the St Maurice river, which is here divided into a delta of three channels, from which the city derives its name.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

As we neared Quebec, the banks of the St Lawrence assumed a more precipitous and picturesque appearance. On our left, crowning Cape Diamond, the famous citadel of Quebec came into view. This lofty fortress, 365 feet above the level of the river, was built from plans approved by the Duke of Wellington. Since the withdrawal of the British troops in 1871 it has been garrisoned by Canadian militiamen.

Quebec is regarded as the most interesting and striking city on the American continent. It is really perched on a mighty cliff, and seems from its commanding eminence to have been designed by Nature for the guardianship of Canada. But it is Quebec's historic battlefield which principally claims the attention of the tourist. In 1608 Samuel de Champlain planted the fleur-de-lis of France on the heights of Quebec, and thus became the real founder of New France. The city fell into the hands of the British in 1629, but in 1632 it was restored to the French, along with the rest of the country. The British again attacked Quebec in 1690 and failed, but were successful in 1759 under General Wolfe, who, with the French General, Montcalm, fell in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. The whole of Canada then passed into the possession of the British. Quebec is the principal military station in Canada, and is, next to Gibraltar, the strongest fortified position in British territory.

The scene from the citadel is of a remarkable character. A stroll round the ramparts and an inspection of the substantial archways that are to be found at convenient intervals reveal the great strength of the fortifications of the city. There is a splendid public promenade, built on the edge of the cliff, known as Dufferin Terrace, and at the end of the Terrace stands the magnificent hotel called the Chateau Frontenac, a vast and noble looking structure which compels admiration even amidst its notable surroundings. Part of the first floor is used as a bazaar, where souvenirs may be purchased at a moderate price.

On my arrival in Quebec I got into an observation car and had a long run through the city. Features of general interest were described by a lecturer on board the car, who spoke through a megaphone in various languages. Among the principal buildings are Parliament House, the Armoury, St Ursuline Convent, the Anglican Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, and the Basilica or French Cathedral, the latter containing valuable paintings by Van Dyke and other masters. Laval University, situated on a promontory of the cliffs of Quebec, is named after the famous Bishop, Monseigneur de Montmorency Laval.

Whether approached by the river or viewed from the citadel there is probably nothing to surpass the natural beauty of the quaint city of Quebec either in the old world or the new. Winding roads, cut out of the rock, and flights of steps lead from the lower to the upper town. Many of the streets are very narrow, and on the sign boards above the shops I noticed that French names predominated over those of every other nationality. Conspicuous landmarks in the suburbs are the famous shrine of St Anne de Beaupré, the Indian village of Lorette, and the Montmorency Falls. A popular trip from Quebec is down the lower St Lawrence and up the beautiful river Saguenay, where the grandeur of the scenery is unrivalled.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE HOME.

I LEFT Chicago, as I have stated, on the Monday evening, arriving at Quebec on the Thursday morning, and in the evening I boarded the ocean steamer *Calgarian*, a new boat, owned by the Allan Line Company, and proceeded on my homeward journey down the St Lawrence, passing many points of interest before the sea was reached. The sunsets witnessed on the lower St Lawrence are very noteworthy. On this occasion the evening sky was tinted with a halo of burnished gold, and the passengers on the *Calgarian* remained on deck contemplating the gorgeous spectacle with unrestrained delight until the darkness fell.

The *Calgarian* is a quadruple turbine screw steamer of 18,000 tons—a much smaller boat than the *Aquitania*, in which I had sailed to New York, but the “floating palace” idea has been carried out here in a manner which is probably not excelled by anything else engaged in the Canadian service. The boat is 600 feet in length and 70 feet in breadth. There is passenger accommodation for 1700. The number booked for the voyage was 1250, among whom were about 500 foreigners, composed of Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Lithuanians, Poles, and Czechs. These were returning to their own countries on account of the bad times in Canada in 1914—in particular the partial failure of the harvest. So I was informed by the Right Hon. Lord Mersey, who was one of the distinguished passengers on the *Calgarian*. His Lord-

ship, who was accompanied by his daughter, was returning to England after conducting the inquiry into the loss of the *Empress of Ireland*. When we had been about an hour and a half on our way the boat, unfortunately, went aground in a shallow part of the river, near the Island of Orleans, where we remained fully two hours before she floated off with the rising tide. About half-past two on the Friday morning we passed Romouski, where the *Empress of Ireland* came to grief. At midnight on Friday we were enveloped by a dense fog, which continued all day on Saturday. Notwithstanding the fog there was a considerable breeze, and a heavy sea was running. Our position was perilous, and we moved very slowly, with the syren sounding at intervals of a minute. The officers' watch on the bridge was doubled, and the Captain never left his post until the fog had lifted. Lookouts were placed both in the crow's nest and at the bow of the ship. The fog continued on Sunday. Short religious services were held in the respective cabins during the day. These were conducted by an Anglican churchman, Rev. Baker P. Lee, of Los Angeles, California, a relative of the distinguished soldier, General Lee, who fought in the American civil war on the Southern side. At this time we were about a hundred miles beyond the banks of Newfoundland. The boat was going "dead slow." We lay right in the track of all vessels coming and going between England and Canada. We were in the midst of a field of ice, and during a brief interval, when the fog momentarily lifted, we passed two icebergs. One of these was on the lee side—a huge mass, with mountainous peaks, four or five miles away. The other was what is called a "growler," on the port side—a small berg, but perilously near, not fifty yards away. This incident, intensely interesting as it was to the passengers, fully justified Captain Gambel, who was in charge of the ship, in slowing down to a pace of two or three miles an hour. This is usually done when both fog

and ice are present. It was in these circumstances that Bishop Lee gave an eloquent discourse to a large congregation in the spacious dining cabin from the text, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." I shall not attempt to follow the proceedings in detail. Who can tell what were the thoughts of many of the passengers during the Bishop's impressive address in that hour of peril? "Listen," he said, as the syren sounded, "the Captain and his officers are all on the bridge on account of the fog by which we are enveloped. Why are you and I here in the midst of it all? It is because we have trust in our Captain. When wireless telegraphy was promised some twelve years ago by Mr Marconi he was described as a madman. People said it was impossible, but it is now an accomplished fact. What was regarded as impossible yesterday has come to pass to-day. Marconigrams are being daily received and dispatched by the officials on board this boat." Bishop Lee concluded by exhorting his auditory to be of good cheer. "I feel," he remarked, "that I shall live to do some good in the world yet." The service was concluded by the singing of the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." On the Sunday evening the ship, which had been previously going "dead slow," was stopped altogether, and we remained in this position twenty-five hours until the fog had cleared away. In the meantime we found that the lifeboats had been quietly lowered from the davits down to the upper deck so as to be ready in case of emergency. The passengers naturally became very anxious, and many retired for the night without divesting themselves of their clothing. A friend whose acquaintance I had made during the voyage told me next morning that he had not even taken off his boots and cap. During the whole of the night the syren kept on speaking out into the darkness at regular intervals.

An entertainment was given one evening on behalf of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage and the Canadian Seamen's

Charity. Lord Mersey presided. Both Bishop Lee and his wife contributed to a programme of songs and recitations, which greatly cheered the company. At the close, Lord Mersey said—"Let me thank you all, on behalf of the Committee who have organised this entertainment, for your presence here to-night. You came not only to listen to the delightful entertainment we have had but you are here also for something even better—to support two most excellent charities. All of us, I expect, know something of the merits of either the one or the other, perhaps of both, and therefore no words whatever are required from me in support of the object in view. During the last few days we have been passing through dark clouds, and I am not very sure that we are out of them even yet. It is for you, ladies and gentlemen, to give to those dark clouds to-night a good silver lining." The latter remark was received with hearty applause, and a collection was afterwards taken which amounted to upwards of £20.

When nearing the end of our voyage I had a conversation with Lord Mersey about the careful conduct of the Captain during the fog and the unusual length of our trip. His Lordship said he considered that the Captain had managed the boat admirably in the midst of the fog and ice, and had brought us safely out of a critical position. He remarked that the owners were naturally anxious that a speedy passage should be made, but the safety of the passengers was always their first consideration. The Captain had stuck faithfully to his post, and had not lunched in the dining-room during the whole voyage. His Lordship added that he had visited the steerage passengers in their quarters and had been struck with their fine physique and cleanly appearance.

There was plenty of amusement on deck when the weather permitted. One evening a comic sketch was organised. The *personnel* was arranged in a few minutes,

and the private rehearsal lasted about a quarter of an hour. The central figure was a lady charged with stealing valuable articles. A judge, two advocates, and a clerk of court, besides the witnesses, composed the characters in the sketch. I was honoured with the part of clerk of court, and had to read the list of articles alleged to have been stolen, the enumeration of which, including a corset, sox, and other interesting items, evoked much merriment. In the end the defendant was found not guilty. A French lady, who was a passenger on board the ill-fated *Empress of Ireland*, was one of the witnesses in the sketch.

The weather proved somewhat rough during the latter part of the voyage. On the day previous to our arrival at Liverpool there were a good many absentees from breakfast, and I noticed that most of those present retired early from the table. I drifted into friendly terms with a considerable number of the passengers. Prominent among these were Dr W. F. Scott, from Port Washington, in the State of Wisconsin; Mr Weeks, Attorney-at-Law, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr W. A. Smith, land surveyor, Ericksdale, Manitoba, Canada; and an Indian gentleman from the Punjaub, who gave me his name written on a card, but I have never been able to decipher it. He was a member of the Commission appointed in India to interview King George on the trouble about the settlement of Indian natives in British Columbia. My Indian friend became very popular with the passengers. He appeared almost daily in a fresh turban, and these increased in splendour as we neared the end of our voyage. He had a genius for card tricks which I have never seen equalled. Blindfolded he could tell the value of each card, face down, by going over it with his fingers. He was fond of the draught-board, or checkers, as they are termed in America, and I played a few games with him, but I found that he had a good deal to learn in that direction. My strongest opponent was Dr Scott. We had some hard tussles, and finished pretty

nearly equal. There was abundant leisure for various forms of recreation, as our trip between Quebec and Liverpool extended over nine days. The usual time, as announced by the Company, is three and a half days on the ocean.

On emerging from the fog the Calgarian made steady progress towards the Emerald Isle, eventually hugging the northern shores of the Irish coast, which we scanned with much interest, little thinking that that unhappy country was so soon again to be the scene of bloodshed and destruction through the Sinn Fein rebellion. We subsequently passed the Isle of Man, and after dusk turned in for the night, arriving at Liverpool on Sunday morning. The banks of course were closed, and my friend, Mr Smith, the Canadian, who had only the current coin of his country in his possession, had some difficulty in exchanging it for English money. I happened myself to have some gold pieces as well as American paper dollars and was not inconvenienced. In our dilemma we approached an inspector of the constabulary, who directed us to a certain establishment where exchanges are made at a small discount. We afterwards crossed the Mersey by boat to New Brighton, and here we spent the afternoon in listening to the music of a fine orchestra. Returning to Liverpool, we left for the north at a late hour. My friend parted from me at the nearest point for Glasgow, and I arrived in Arbroath on Monday morning, fourteen days after I had left Chicago, and about twenty-four hours before war was declared by Austria against Servia, which set the torch to the great European conflict.

THE END.



